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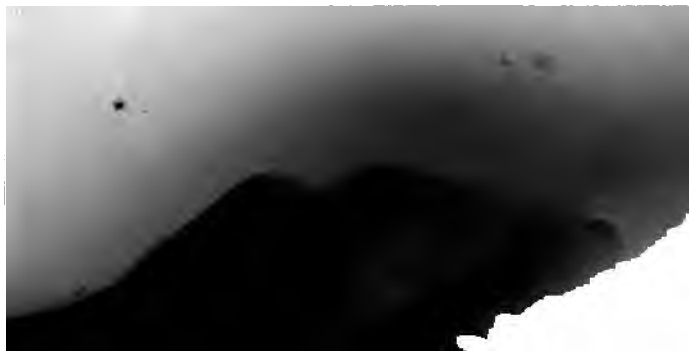
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SHORT STORIES
FOUNDED ON
EUROPEAN HISTORY.

FRANCE.

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December 9, 1912,
from Edward S. Dodgson.





SHORT STORIES

FROM

EUROPEAN HISTORY.

France.

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masters," said he, in a loud voice ; " my orders are to see you caged. Come along, and step into those cages ; I ought to have seen to it before now."

" Those cages ! oh, you are not going to put us in there !" exclaimed Henri, as he turned pale with terror, while poor little François could only clasp his brother's hand in speechless agony.

" I am," said the man, in a softened tone ; for he already felt compassion for the helpless children, though he did not dare to disobey the orders of King Louis. " Come, get in, my brave boys, and don't cry ; perhaps you may be let out again soon. They are not so very small, you see, but what you may just stand upright in them ; I dare say many a poor bird have you caught and put in a cage before this."

" Never !" said Henri ; " mamma always told us it was cruel to catch the pretty birds. Oh ! what would she say if she could see us now !"

" Well," said the jailer, " I must do my duty nevertheless ;" and lifting up the almost insensible François, he put him in the cage and locked the door.

" You need not touch me," said Henri ; " my

papa stepped firmly on the scaffold, and I will copy his example. But my brother! my poor François! how will he bear it!"

"Henri, Henri! where are you?" cried the poor child.

"Here I am, brother, very near you;" and Henri de Nemours, who possessed much of the high spirit of his noble race, immediately forgot his own griefs in endeavouring to alleviate the sorrows of his brother.

"Be so good, sir," he said to the jailer, "since we are to be imprisoned in such a cruel way, as to allow the cages to be placed near to each other, that we may at least have the pleasure sometimes of clasping each other's hands. Grant me this favour, sir," continued the child, as the tears started into his eyes; "my father was a peer of France."

"Well, there will be no great harm in that, I suppose," said the jailer; "but remember, I don't grant your request because your father was a peer of France, for his crimes brought him to the scaffold; but because somehow I do feel a sort of pity for you both; I am not used to have the charge of captives so young and helpless, and—I was going to say, innocent,—but I stopped in time."

"Innocent! we are innocent!" said Henri.

"Aye, but the king says you are not, and woe to me, if I say you are. Why, if he knew I even pitied you, I should soon lose my place as jailer in the Bastille. They say he knows everything; and even hears what is whispered within these gloomy walls."

"Does he?" said Henri, "then I should like him to hear, that I think it is very cruel and unjust to put into prison two boys who have never done him any harm; and as to these cages—"

"Come, come," said the jailer, interrupting him; "if you are going to talk in that way I shall leave you. Why, child, do you not know, that I am constantly called on to report to the king every word my prisoners say? You must mind what you are about, young sir."

So saying, the jailer left the gloomy dungeon, locking and bolting the strong door as he went out. Henri listened to the sound of his retreating footsteps till all was still; and then he felt very lonely and sad. One thing comforted him; he saw that the jailer was not really a cruel man, *but that* he stood in great awe of his dreaded

master. So Henri determined to be patient, and say nothing about King Louis, whatever he thought of him. And the good little boy resolved to be as cheerful as he could, that he might comfort his more timid and delicate brother. "François," he said, "give me your hand, dear François; you are not afraid, dear brother?"

"No, not afraid, Henri, but *very* unhappy."

"But hold my hand, dear François—there—I am very glad we are near to each other, are not you? Do not cry any more, or you will have a headache. They may not keep us here long, you know; perhaps the king has only put us in to frighten us."

"He is a very wicked king, then," said little François.

"Well, we will not talk about him, brother. Now you try to go to sleep, and I will sing you one of those airs mamma taught me."

So, still holding his brother's hand, Henri sang in a sweet, clear voice, a plaintive Provençal air, while poor little François, wearied out with sorrow, soon fell asleep.

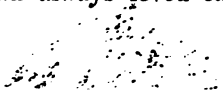
Was not Henri de Nemours a kind brother?

When the morning came, and the jailer brought

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them their breakfast of bread and water, they thanked him for it, and behaved so patiently, that he again felt very sorry for them, but not daring to show them any indulgence, told them not to grieve, and departed.

Many days and nights passed away, and still the poor little boys remained shut up in their iron cages. They had only bread and water for breakfast, dinner, and supper; their limbs became cramped, for Henri could not stand upright in his cage; and their health began to fail. They had no playthings, no books to read, and their gloomy prison was almost dark. And yet they loved each other so dearly, that sometimes they nearly forgot their sorrows. For they would talk about their home, and the games they had in the park, and the races they used to run down the grassy hill, till they almost fancied they were at home again. And they would talk of the trees they used to climb, and of the pond where they sailed their little boats, and of their favourite dog who once pulled François out of the water when he was nearly drowned. But they had no quarrels to talk about,—no unkindness; for these little brothers had always loved each other; and was it not a



happy thing that they had done so, in the days, the joyous days, of health and freedom?

When Henri saw that François was very sad, he would tell him some story he remembered, or some anecdote he had heard from history, and thus cheer him up again. One day poor François began to cry, soon after they had eaten their scanty breakfast. "Oh, Henri," he said, "when will these gloomy days be at an end? when shall we be let out of this dreadful prison? Give me your hand, dear brother; how *very* unhappy I should be without you; I do not think I *could* bear it then!"

Henri felt very poorly that day, and was suffering from a bad headache; but so great was his love to his little brother, that he exerted himself to speak cheerfully to him.

"Oh, dear François," he said, "the king may not keep us prisoners much longer, perhaps. And when we are out again, how we shall talk of these days! When we are men, we will never put any one in prison, will we, brother? I think we shall always be kind and merciful to others, so this captivity will have taught us a lesson, will it not?"

"I think," said François, "it will have taught



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me to be more patient. I used to be very pettish at home sometimes, if things did not please me, but now I have seen how patient you are, Henri, I feel ashamed of myself. And you are so very good and kind to poor François! Ah! I am quite sure there is not such another brother in all the world as Henri de Nemours!"

"Yes, there is, François," said Henri, "my own dear little François; what should I do without him! only I do not like to see him cry so. Come, I will tell you a story, shall I?"

"Oh yes, pray do, dear Henri;" and poor François dried his tears, for he was very fond of stories.

"A long time ago," said Henri; "there was a king of France called Pepin. He was so short, that he was called Pepin the Little. However, he was very brave and active, and his subjects respected him. But he did not much like to be thought so little; he was afraid his tall, brave soldiers might despise him. So he determined to show them he was as brave as they were, though he was so short."

"What did he do, Henri?"

"One day, when they were all looking on at a great fight between a lion and a bull, King Pepin

turned to his courtiers and asked which of them would go and put an end to the combat. None of them moved; but they looked as if they thought it would be a very unpleasant thing to do. So Pepin said, 'I will go myself!' And he entered the arena, sword in hand, cut the throat of the lion, and severed the head from the bull!"

"Oh Henri!"

"When he returned to his astonished courtiers, he said to them, 'David was a little man, yet he slew Goliath; Alexander was of small size, yet he had greater strength and courage than many of his officers who were taller than he. Am I not worthy to be your king?' After that, his people did not mind about his being so little, but loved and respected him."

"What a brave king he must have been, Henri, and how strong too! I wish we had him here to pull down these iron bars. I think we must feel much as the poor little caged birds do, brother."

"Well, François, *they* sing sweet songs in their cages, and we will try to imitate them. Or if we cannot sing, we can be patient. I will tell you another story.

"King Pepin the Little had a very famous son

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called Charlemagne, or Charles the Great. He was very tall—very tall indeed; and one of the most celebrated kings of France. And he was such a conqueror, that the Pope crowned him Emperor of the West; and when he died, he was buried at a place called Aix-la-Chapelle, in his imperial robes, his sword by his side, his crown on his head, and a golden shield and sceptre at his feet; and his Bible was buried with him.”

“I wonder the people did not steal such treasures.”

“About two hundred years after, another Emperor opened the tomb and took them all away. But I was going to tell you of a present Charlemagne once had. An Arabian sent him a beautiful machine for measuring time by water; a kind of water-clock, for they had no clocks then such as we have. The dial of this curious clock was composed of twelve small doors; and at each door was placed the figure of a little soldier on horseback. As the hours struck, which was done by little balls falling on a brass drum, the horseman opened and shut the door; and at twelve o'clock they all marched round the dial together.”

“How I should like to have seen them!” said

François. "Can you tell me anything more about Charlemagne? I should like——"

"Hush! hush!" said Henri; "do you see that little mouse peeping out of her hole, brother? Look, she is eating some crumbs we have let fall."

"Oh, the nice little creature!" exclaimed François; but he spoke too loud, the mouse was frightened, and ran away. "Ah! she is gone: how sorry I am! Do you think she will come back again, Henri?"

"I think she will, if we do not make much noise. We will scatter some crumbs on the floor when we have our bread, and then she will come, perhaps."

Little François anxiously watched for the mouse, but she came no more that day. However, the next morning she again appeared, and, to his joy, began to eat up the crumbs on the floor. The day after, she was still bolder, and came quite close to the little captives; and, by the end of a week, she became so tame, that she would actually run up the bars of their cages, and eat out of their hands. The poor boys were delighted with their new playmate, and fed her regularly every day.

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François was especially pleased with the gambols of his little favourite, and occasionally a laugh was heard in that gloomy prison.

But poor Henri was getting weaker and weaker ; it was evident to the jailer that, unless he were released from captivity, the child must die. This was reported to King Louis, and what do you think he said ? “ Die, must he ? then there will be one rebel less in France. It may save me the trouble of putting him to death.”

The jailer, whose heart had been touched with compassion in witnessing the patience, gentleness, and love of his helpless little prisoners, could not help wondering at the cruelty of the man who could wreak his vengeance on two such unoffending children. But Louis the Eleventh had not one kindly feeling in his stony heart. He did not know what compassion was.

As Henri's appetite diminished, and his frame became more emaciated, the jailer, often with tears in his eyes, would bring him some portion of his own dinner, to tempt him to eat, though, if King Louis had known of his so doing, he would have been very angry. Henri thanked him for his *kindness*, but generally begged him to give it all

to François. "He is so young and delicate," he would say; "pray give it to him: I would much rather dear François had it."

He was a noble little fellow! To the last hour of his painful imprisonment, he showed his tender love to François in every way his little heart could suggest. Gentle and uncomplaining to the last, his only care seemed to be for him. He cheered him, and comforted him; and when he was too weak to talk, he would hold his hand, and look at him. Oh how François loved his darling brother!

At last, poor little Henri died. "I do not think I shall live much longer, dear François," he said, on the last morning of his life; "I feel so tired. When I am dead, they will take you out of this dungeon, I think; and mind, dear François, do not forget to feed our little mouse."

I cannot describe to you the bitter grief of poor little François, when he found his brother was dead,—his gentle, loving brother! When that sad event took place, the sorrowful and lonely child was taken out of his iron cage, and placed in another part of the Bastille. Here he remained till the death of the cruel king. On Charles the

Eighth coming to the throne, he was liberated; but he never recovered from the sufferings he had undergone during his imprisonment, and was lame and deformed for the rest of his life. And if the memory of that painful captivity never could be effaced from his mind, neither could be the remembrance of his brother's love,—a love so self-denying, so noble, so faithful. It was sweet to look back upon; and the thoughts of it cheered the sorrowful life of the poor desolate François.

This is a sad story; perhaps you would like to know if the king who could do such cruel deeds was a happy man?

No; Louis the Eleventh was far from happy. He was so very deceitful himself, he was always suspecting deceit in others; and so treacherous, he always feared treachery. His cruelties were dreadful. His own brother died from eating part of a poisoned peach which it was supposed was given him by Louis; and his father, King Charles the Seventh, was so fearful of poison being administered to him by his son, that he refused all nourishment, and died of starvation. If ever he reflected on his heinous crimes, what must his feelings have been! The approach of death filled him with

indescribable horror. He knew how cruel he had been to his subjects, and how they hated him, and now he feared they might take their revenge. He lived in continual dread. So having a strong castle near Tours, called the castle of Plessis, he shut himself up in it; and in addition to the customary fortifications, caused it to be surrounded with ditches, in which iron spikes were placed. Not daring to trust his own subjects, he had a band of Scottish archers, who kept guard at the castle gates night and day. The castle could only be entered by a small wicket gate, which admitted but one person at a time. But notwithstanding all these precautions, King Louis passed his days in continual suspense and fear. The cruel man who had made so many miserable, was now doubly miserable himself. "*The wicked flee when no man pursueth : but the righteous are bold as a lion.*"

Louis dreaded the nobles and princes so much, that he would scarcely ever see them; and his principal companions were his barber, his hangman, and his physician. To the last of these he was quite a slave. For the physician, knowing that at any moment the king might order him to be put to death, pretended that an astrologer had

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predicted that he would die a few days before his royal master. Louis believed it; and, far from wishing to sign his death-warrant, watched over his life with the most anxious care, loaded him with presents, and submitted to all his insolence.

The wretched king was grown so thin, with illness and anxiety, that his rich dresses of crimson satin, lined with martin's fur, could not disguise his altered appearance. He was almost afraid to eat, lest there should be poison in his food, and could not sleep without being guarded by his archers. He would have given all his riches to be sure of living a few years longer. But he did not repent of all the cruel deeds he had done. He was tyrannical to the last. And when death came, and the soul of the deceitful and merciless monarch was required of him, no one was sorry, no one shed a tear. He died; and throughout his wide dominions, no heart mourned for Louis the Eleventh.

Dear children, remember the words of Scripture:—"Let not mercy and truth forsake thee: bind them about thy neck; write them upon the table of thine heart: so shalt thou find favour and good understanding in the sight of God and man."





HENRY OF NAVARRE.



It was on a lovely evening in the month of May, 1610, that an aged man walked slowly and sadly through a pretty village, situated in one of the most fertile and pleasant provinces of France. As he approached a cottage, surrounded by its little garden, full of flowers, a boy, about eight years of age, ran out to welcome him, with many expressions of delight and joy.

“But grandfather,” continued the child, as he led the old man into the cottage, “you have been long coming to see us; and now you look sad, and you have on a mourning dress—is any one that you loved, dead?”

“Yes, Victor, one is dead that I truly loved, and deeply I mourn for him.” And tears ran down the old man’s cheeks.

Victor was very sorry to see his grief. He asked no more questions then, but placed his aged relative a chair, put his little arms round his neck, and kissed him affectionately, and then ran to fetch him a cup of wine. In a short time he was calmer, and looking kindly on his grandson, said,

“ In this remote village, Victor, you probably have not yet heard the terrible news which overwhelms France at this moment ? ”

“ No, dear grandfather, we have heard nothing. Oh ! what is it ? ”

“ Whom do you, as a Protestant son of France, my child, love, honour, and esteem very highly ? ”

“ My king ! ” replied Victor ; “ my good and great king ! Long live Henry the Fourth ! ”

“ Alas, my child, the king lives now but in the hearts and affections of his sorrowing people. Henry the Great is dead ! ”

“ Dead ! the king dead ! Oh, grandfather ! ” And Victor, who from his infancy had been taught to regard his king with feelings of the truest loyalty and love, wept at the sad tidings, though he could not comprehend the extent of the calamity.

“ Ah Victor, you may well shed tears,” observed

his grandfather. "Deep cause has every Frenchman to mourn, but more especially every Protestant Frenchman. Few kings have ever been loved as our good and great King Henry has been. And he was well worthy of our love! Alas, alas! it was a terrible murder!"

"Murder! oh, you do not mean to say the king was murdered!"

"Murdered, Victor, in open day, in the streets of his capital! My own eyes witnessed the bloody deed."

"Oh, pray tell me about it," said Victor, sobbing. "What a terrible event! Who could murder *such* a king?"

"You heard, my child, that the queen was to be crowned on the 13th. It is said King Henry objected to the coronation, both on account of the expense, and the delay it caused him, for he intended going to war. But the queen would have it, and said, 'It was very hard she should be the only Queen of France who had never been crowned.' So Henry agreed to her wishes, and the grand ceremony took place. The festivities were to last for several days; alas! how painfully were they interrupted! On the 14th the king went, in his

coach, to visit Sully, who was confined by sickness to his house. Of course you know who Sully is?"

"Oh yes; the wise and good Sully, King Henry's great friend and adviser."

"Well," said the old man, slowly continuing his sad history, "I was in the street when the royal coach passed me, and I noticed the king and his courtiers looking up at the triumphal arches which were preparing for the queen's entry into the city the next day. As I uncovered my head to my royal master, his glance fell on me; and his old familiar smile and nod showed that he recognised me. Alas! I shall never see that winning smile again; never again shall I hear the kind voice of my loved master! Long as I served him, he was always the same generous, open-hearted prince; never shall I meet his equal!"

"But the murder, grandfather, the horrid murder?"

"Aye, child, the horrid murder indeed! I cannot bear to think of it. At a short distance from me, the royal coach was stopped by two carts, for the street was narrow. In a moment I perceived a man jump on the hind wheel of the carriage and plunge a knife into the breast of the king. It

was the work of an instant, but it was a deadly blow! I rushed forward. I heard the king's exclamation, 'I am wounded!' I looked—he was dead!"

"But did you not seize the murderer?" said Victor.

"He was seized by those near, as he stood brandishing the fatal knife, and glorying in his crime. For myself, I am an old man, and for a few minutes my senses seemed to leave me. When I recovered, I hastened to the palace of the Louvre, and traced the carriage the whole way thither by the blood which had flowed from it."

"And was the king quite dead?"

"He was; and when the terrible news was made known, the grief and consternation of the people was beyond description. They were ready to tear the assassin, Ravailac, into a thousand pieces; they ran frantically about the streets, bewailing with loud cries the loss of their friend and 'father,' as they called him. Indeed, all mourned the death of our good king as that of a near and dear relative. And no wonder. France never had such a king before. But King Henry the Fourth was most loved by those who knew him

best; and I hear, the grief of the faithful Sully is excessive. When the dreadful tidings reached him, he was overwhelmed with horror, and though ill, he at once rose, and proceeded to the palace, in the faint hope that there might yet remain a spark of life in his beloved master. But all was over, and he saw only the dead body of him who had ever treated him as a friend and adviser. Theirs was a warm and sincere friendship, and deeply will Sully mourn his loss."

"Who will not mourn Henry the Fourth?" said a stout young peasant; for by this time a group of villagers had collected in the little cottage to hear the confirmation of the sad report which had reached them. "Who will not mourn such a friend to the Protestants?"

"These are heart-rending tidings indeed," exclaimed an old man, "and if so sad to us, who have never even seen our good king, what must they be to the citizens of Paris?"

"Their grief quite touched my heart," observed old Pierre. "It proved how tenderly he was beloved in his capital. The many expressions of affection and regret which reached my ears, the groans, the tears, the mournful silence, the

doleful cries, the arms raised towards heaven, the hands clasped together, all bore witness to deep and heart-felt sorrow."

"It is a bad day for the Protestants in France," said a woman with a child in her arms. "This little one has just been christened Henry, after our good king; he may live to see troubled times, now, poor child. How old is the Dauphin, Pierre?"

"The Dauphin, who is now King Louis the Thirteenth, is only nine years of age."

"Well, King Henry the Fourth's reign has been a glorious one, and truly has he gained the affections of his people. I cannot realize his sudden and dreadful death!"

"Nor can I, neighbour. I must go home and compose my mind; I can do no more work to-day."

"Ah!" said old Pierre, "so it was in Paris; all business was at a stand-still; the shops were closed; and the people whom I met exclaimed with grief-stricken countenances, 'Ah! we are lost! our good king is dead!'"

"Well," said an aged peasant, with much solemnity, "let us be thankful for the peace and

liberty we have enjoyed. As Protestants we have deep cause to mourn our king; but the ways of Providence are all just, and merciful, and right. Let us submit. 'Clouds and darkness are round about Him, but righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his seat.' "

The little crowd of villagers then quietly dispersed to their several homes, their slow steps and sad demeanour shewing what subject filled their hearts. Indeed no monarch was ever more beloved or more regretted by his people than Henry the Fourth.

That which especially endeared him to his subjects was his kindness of heart. He was compassionate and forgiving to his enemies, and true and faithful to his friends. In him the French found a king without artifice or dissimulation;—simple and straightforward.

But with many noble qualities, Henry was not without his faults; "the principal of which," says Sully, "was his propensity to all kinds of pleasure." This was the only blot on his otherwise high character. He was very attentive to the wants and sufferings of the peasantry, which caused them to love him much. He possessed, in

an eminent degree, those truly royal virtues, valour and mercy; while his frank and cheerful disposition, his gay and active spirit, his never-failing good temper, and his humanity, secured him the affection of all classes of his subjects. What a pity that his extreme love of pleasure should cast a shade over so many excellent and noble qualities!

A few days after the arrival of old Pierre at the cottage, he was sitting one evening in the woodbine-covered porch, leaning on his stick in a thoughtful attitude; when Victor, tired with play, took a seat by his side. "Grandfather," said the little boy, "I think I can guess what makes you look so thoughtful; you are thinking of King Henry, are you not?"

"I am, Victor. I was thinking of the many times in my life I had seen him, and how each time I found he was more and more worthy of my loyalty and love."

"I wish you would tell me something about him, grandfather;—when was the first time you ever saw him?"

"The first time I saw our great and good king, was when he was a boy as old as you, Victor. I remember it as well as if it were yesterday,

I had gone to see my friends in the mountains of Bearn, at the foot of the Pyrenees. One day, as I was rambling over the hills, I came upon some peasant boys at play. They were merry, hardy little fellows, and soon enticed me to join them in their sport. They were all bare-headed, and bare-footed, and dressed in the coarse clothes of the peasant; but very active, and full of glee. One boy particularly struck me, from the great agility he displayed; and the bold, daring manner in which he led on his companions to fresh exploits. The energy of his boyish character delighted me, for I was then a young soldier, and I thought what a fine, brave trooper he would make in a few years. His countenance was most beautiful. Perfect good humour, sincerity, and kindness of heart, were depicted there. The animation of his features, the sparkling glance of his bright eye, the ardour with which he pressed forward to take his part in the feats of skill, or trials of strength, showed that he possessed

‘The will to do, the soul to dare.’

His foot slipped once in the race, and he fell with *considerable* violence on some sharp stones, but

though bruised and bleeding, he paid no heed to it,—not a shade crossed his features,—he was up again in an instant, and soon outstripped his competitors.”

“What a brave boy!” exclaimed Victor. “Go on, grandfather, I would rather hear about him than about the king.”

The old man smiled. “He is a noble fellow, I thought, but perhaps he has not much feeling. Presently, another boy was accidentally hit with a stone on the cheek, which bled, and the little fellow could not restrain his tears and expressions of pain. His companion, Henry, instantly left his play, to go to him, and in the kindest and gentlest manner endeavoured to soothe him; taking from his pocket an apple which he gave him, telling him, in a cheerful manner, ‘he was quite sure it would do him good.’ I saw he had a kind and compassionate heart. At length they all sat down to eat their dinner, their appetites sharpened by the mountain breeze and the exercise they had been taking. The meal consisted of coarse brown bread and cheese, with garlic; each boy having brought his own portion. I never witnessed a merrier repast. The hardy little mountaineers,

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their cheeks glowing with exercise and good humour, enjoyed their humble fare as much, aye more, than a monarch does his dainties. They talked over their feats of the morning with boyish exultation, and many a merry shout of laughter made the hills re-echo with the sound. As they insisted on my joining them, I sat down, and in return for their hospitality, told them some stories of the battles in which I had been engaged, to which Henry listened with almost breathless attention. His quick eye noticed, in the course of the meal, that one of his young companions had but a very small portion of food for his share. Drawing him aside, Henry obliged him to take more than half his own bread and cheese, making at the same time an expressive gesture of silence. It was done so quietly and quickly, that no one but myself observed the occurrence. I could have pressed the noble child to my heart, but would not spoil such an act by remarking on it.

“ ‘ I must go now,’ said Henry, after eating the remainder of his bread and cheese ; ‘ I see by my shadow it is time for me to be at my studies ; adieu, my friends !’ And with his usual ardour *in all* he did, he descended the mountain with the

agility of a young chamois; his bare little feet dashing over the obstacles which lay in his way, while his clear voice was to be heard singing a Bearnese air.

“ ‘What does he mean by his studies?’ I asked; ‘and who is that boy?’

“ ‘That is Henry, Prince of Navarre,’ was the reply, ‘and he has to study every day for some hours with his tutors at the castle.’—I was as much astonished as I see you are, Victor.”

“ Oh grandfather! and that noble, generous boy was afterwards King Henry the Fourth?”

“ Yes; that noble, generous, kind-hearted boy, grew up to be a noble, generous, kind-hearted man. Scorning the very thought of deceit or falsehood as a child, he scorned it as a king. Accustomed to witness the privations of the peasantry when young, he endeavoured to relieve their sufferings when he grew up to manhood. Brought up to endure hunger and thirst, fatigue and pain, without complaining, his constitution became most hardy and vigorous; whilst the athletic exercises of his boyish days prepared him to be, what he afterwards became, a first-rate soldier on the field of battle.”

“ Who wished him to be brought up like a peasant boy ? ”

“ His grandfather, the old King of Navarre. When little Henry was born, he was placed in the shell of a tortoise for a cradle, while his grandfather wetted his lips with wine and garlic, and said, ‘ Now do I trust this child may grow up a strong and hardy fellow, more given to laugh than to cry, and prove a brave and worthy prince of the house of Navarre.’ And truly were his hopes fulfilled.”

“ He had to learn lessons, then, besides playing on the mountains ? ”

“ Certainly. His mother took great care that he should be instructed by the best tutors, and he was brought up a Protestant. He rapidly improved in learning, while good and noble sentiments daily developed themselves in him. It is said, that one day, when quite a boy, having heard from his tutor the history of the Constable de Bourbon, who left King Francis I., to enter the service of his enemy, Charles V., the young prince felt so much shame and anger at the account of his ancestor’s desertion, that he could not refrain from *tears* of vexation ; and running to a genealogical

table of the house of Bourbon, which hung in the room, he took a pen, erased the name of the Constable, and wrote in its place that of the Chevalier Bayard."

"Ah! that was a good exchange, grandfather."

"I heard many a pleasing anecdote of the young prince whilst I remained at Bearn. His sweet temper and open-hearted disposition made him a great favorite with the peasantry. Hardy in body, vigorous in mind, and blessed with an excellent disposition, few young princes could give more promise of future excellence than did Henry of Navarre."

"And when did you see him again?" asked Victor.

"In a very different scene—one of the utmost horror! I saw him again, Victor, at the dreadful massacre."

"Ah! you mean the massacre of St. Bartholomew's! That, the mention of which always makes my mother weep."

"She has cause, child, she has sad cause to weep. She lost a brother, and I a son, on that fearful day."

"But that was in the reign of King Charles the

Ninth; what had the Prince of Navarre to do with it?"

"Nothing, my boy, except that as a Protestant, he expected to share the fate of the Protestants. They were murdered without distinction of rank, age, or sex; and by the orders of King Charles and his cruel mother, Catherine de Medicis."

"And were there not a great many Protestants then in Paris?"

"Yes; the Hugonots had been invited by the deceitful Catherine, and they flocked in numbers to witness the marriage of her daughter Margaret to the young King of Navarre. I went amongst the rest, for I loved my brave young king, the hope of the Hugonots."

"Why are the French Protestants called Hugonots, grandfather?"

"It is said to be from an old Swiss word signifying a league, or covenant.* We Hugonots all looked to the young King of Navarre as our star of hope in those troubled times. He was then just eighteen; and a brave, sweet-tempered prince he was."

"But tell me about the massacre."

* See note at p. 47.

"I was roused from my sleep on the night of the 24th of August, 1572, by shrieks, and cries of 'Murder!' Instantly rising, I saw that the street was filled with armed men, each with a white cross on his hat, who were hurrying along with shouts of 'Death to the Hugonots!' They had just slain old Admiral Coligny in his bed, and were now murdering all they met. I thought with fearful anxiety of the King of Navarre, who was in the palace of the Louvre. I ran, or rather flew there, but the Louvre was closely guarded. The cruel massacre was going on, however, even within those walls; I heard shrieks and groans, and saw many of my friends murdered before my eyes. But I pass over the horrors of that dreadful night. With difficulty I escaped over the roof of a house, which I entered to hide from my pursuers. Morning dawned with fresh horrors. The Hugonots were dragged from their houses to be murdered in the street. I saw King Charles myself stationed at a window of the palace, with a fowling-piece in his hand, firing at the hapless fugitives, and crying out, 'Kill, kill!'"

"And where was the King of Navarre?"

"Closely guarded in the Louvre. I could not

rest till I was assured of his safety. Putting the white cross on my hat, and the scarf on my arm, I contrived to get into the palace in the dusk of the evening. It was running a great risk, but I would have laid down my life for my gallant prince. It was a full hour before I found his apartments; fortunately I had discovered the password, and the darkness of the long passages favoured my disguise. For one moment I saw the prince; he said we could do nothing for him, and that his life hung upon a hair, but that he did not despair of safety. He pressed my hand as he murmured, 'My brave, my faithful Hugonots!' A tear stood in his eye—he was thinking of their murder. I hurried away, and escaped that night from Paris, hidden under some sacks of meal in a cart."

"Was the massacre over then?"

"No; it continued with unabated fury for three days, and did not entirely cease for a week. More than five thousand Hugonots of all ranks perished in Paris alone."

"And how was it that Henry of Navarre was not murdered too?"

"He and his cousin the Prince of Condé, were *taken before King Charles*, over the dead bodies

of their friends, when he told them, with fury in his looks, that if they did not immediately change their religion, they had not many hours to live. 'I will no longer be contradicted in my opinions by my subjects,' exclaimed the enraged monarch; 'quit that religion, which serves only as a cloak for your rebellion, or die!' The two young princes seeing this was no idle threat, yielded to the necessity of the moment, and went to mass. But though compelled to do this to save themselves from a dreadful death, they inwardly determined to assert their religious principles on the first favourable opportunity. They did so as soon as they regained their liberty, but they were kept prisoners at the French court for two or three years. Oh, how rejoiced were we to welcome the King of Navarre as our leader! how proud we were of him! how thankful that he was still a Protestant!"

"I suppose you often saw him then, grandfather; but did he ever speak to you again?"

"Oh yes! By the death of Charles the Ninth, and Henry the Third, our young King of Navarre became King of France. You may believe a Protestant king was far from being acceptable to Roman

Catholic subjects. Indeed, Henry the Third said to him on his death-bed, ' Brother, you will never be able to reign over France, unless you become a Catholic.' His words proved true, and for several years Henry had to fight for the throne which was his by right. He did not obtain peaceable possession of it till he renounced the profession of Protestantism."

" And I suppose you and all the Hugonots fought like lions for him, did you not ?"

" We did, my boy. Never shall I forget him on the field of battle ! In one engagement he rallied his flying forces, by saying in a loud voice, ' And so in all France there are not to be found fifty gentlemen bold enough to die with their sovereign ! ' The words had their effect ; the troops returned to the charge, fought, and conquered. But it was at the battle of Ivry that he won the heart of every soldier in his army by his unparalleled bravery—his great humanity. Mounted on a noble charger, he rode to the centre of his troops, and in a loud and cheerful voice, exhorted us to be bold and brave that day. How well I remember the frank and animated expression of *his countenance* ! ' Remember, my friends,' said

he, 'that not merely my crown, but your own safety depends on the issue of this conflict. Let there be no retreat but to the field of battle. Soldiers! follow my white plume, you will ever find it on the road to honour.' Then lifting his hands and eyes to heaven, he said aloud, 'O Lord, Thou knowest all things; if it be best for this people that I should reign over them, favour my cause, and give success to my arms; but if it be not Thy will, let me now die with those who endanger themselves for my sake.' "

"That was very right of him to trust in God," said Victor, "because, after all the fighting, it is He who gives the victory."

"We felt it so. There was a moment of solemn silence, and then a universal shout of '*Vive le Roi!*' rent the air. He looked on us with his kind smile, and arranging the order of battle, gave the signal to commence in these words: 'You are Frenchmen—I am your king—there is the enemy!' The words were few, but they found an entrance into every heart. The charge was made—the enemy routed—and the victory ours! In the thickest of the fight was King Henry ever to be seen, distinguished by his snow-white plume,

and daring actions. And his mercy and humanity after the battle made us all love him the more."

Old Pierre's feelings may be better described in the following spirited lines on the battle of Ivry, by a celebrated writer:—

"The king is come to marshal us, all in his armour drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He look'd upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He look'd upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as roll'd from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, 'God save our lord the king!'
'And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may—
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray—
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day, the helmet of Navarre.'

Hurrah! the foes are coming! hark to the mingled din,
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin!
The fiery duke is pricking fast, across St. Andre's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Gueldres and Almayne.
'Now by the lips of those we love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies now—upon them with the lance!'
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close, behind the snow-white
crest;

And in they burst, and on they rush'd, while like a guiding
star,

Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now God be praised ! the day is ours ! Mayenne hath turned
his rein ;

D'Aumale hath cried for quarter ; the Flemish count is slain
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds, before a Biscay
gale,

The field is heap'd with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven
mail.

And then we thought on vengeance—and all along our van,
'Remember St. Bartholomew !' was passed from man to man ;

But out spoke gentle Henry, 'No Frenchman is my foe !

Down, down with every foreigner ! but let your brethren go.'

Oh ! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,

As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre ! "

"Who commanded the enemy in that battle ?" asked Victor.

"The Duke of Mayenne, a large, corpulent, and clumsy man ; slow and dignified in all his movements, and taking a large quantity of food and sleep. King Henry, on the contrary, was all life and activity ; a quarter of an hour for his dinner, and two or three hours for sleep, was all that he allowed himself, when he had business to attend to, or battles to fight. So, while the Duke of Mayenne was slowly getting through his dinner,

Henry, having finished his slight repast, would be up on his horse, and away for a gallop of many miles, viewing the position of the enemy; and while the former was still in bed, the latter would have been up for hours, and arranged his plan for the attack. Such were the results of the temperate and active habits formed in early youth."

"Did he ever forgive the Duke of Mayenne for fighting against him?"

"Oh yes! he was most forgiving to those who had injured him in any way. I happened to be in attendance on him when the duke came to pay his respects, and offer his loyal services to the king, who having become a Roman Catholic, was now securely seated on the throne of France. The monarch offered to show him all over the beautiful gardens of the palace, but I perceived by his sly smile that he had some pleasantry in view. Henry walked at his usual rapid pace, pointing out the improvements he had made, while the fat duke, puffing and panting, could with the greatest difficulty keep up with him. After some time the king turned round with a provoking smile, and said, 'Ah! I fear I *am* walking rather fast for you?' 'Fast!' said

the poor duke, quite out of breath, 'I am ready to expire!' 'Well,' said Henry, with a good-humoured laugh, 'this is the only revenge I ever mean to take for your disloyalty, Mayenne;' and embracing him with the greatest cordiality and frankness, he declared that from that time they should be very good friends."

"The king was fond of a joke, then?"

"He was full of pleasantry and wit, even on occasions when few men could be witty. As he was giving audience one day to a number of people, a man stepped forward, and aimed a blow at him with a knife. It was at first thought the wound given was mortal, but the king calmed his friends by assuring them the knife had only struck his lip. The assassin being seized and questioned, he confessed the Jesuits had instigated him to the crime. 'Well,' said Henry gaily, 'I have often heard from the *mouths* of many persons that the Society never loved me, but now I have proof of it from *my own*.'

"On another occasion, some of his friends remarking with surprise that his hair should turn grey at the early age of five-and-thirty, he pleasantly observed, 'It is the wind of adversity

blowing so constantly in my face that has done it.' ”

“ He must have been very good-humoured ? ”

“ He was so, indeed. Being very fond of his children, he often played with them, and taught them to call him ‘ papa,’ and not ‘ sir,’ as was then the custom. One day he was having a fine game of play with them all, for the little ones had coaxed their papa to go down on his hands and knees, and give them, by turns, a ride on his back round the room. The good-natured king seemed as full of glee as any of the party, and the little Dauphin was on his back, when the door opened, and a portly, grave ambassador appeared ! You may imagine his surprise at finding the great Henry, the wise monarch of a vast kingdom, the lawgiver of France, in such a situation ! Henry, however, without moving, smilingly asked the ambassador ‘ if he had any children ? ’ ‘ Yes, sire,’ was the reply. ‘ Very well ; then I shall finish my race round the room,’ said the king.”

“ How very sorry the young princes must be that their kind papa is dead,” observed Victor.

“ They must indeed ; but they are too young to *feel* the greatness of their loss. The able and

excellent Sully mourns for his royal master with most sincere grief. He has for a long time worn round his neck a gold chain, from which is suspended a golden medal, with the figure of the king upon it. He constantly wears it, and often has he been seen to take it out of his bosom, stop and look at it, kiss it with reverence and affection, and then restore it to its place. Doubtless he gazes on it now with greater love than ever."

"Ah! the great and good Sully never changed *his* religion," said Victor; "he always remained a true Protestant. Grandfather, are you not very sorry that King Henry became a Roman Catholic, after being for so many years a Protestant?"

"It deeply grieved us all, my child. It was a sacrifice of principle to worldly honour. Great as he was, in our eyes he would have been far greater, far more glorious, as sovereign of his little kingdom of Navarre, firm in his Protestant profession, than the undisputed monarch of France, with the sacrifice of his principles. Some say, he was a Protestant *in heart* to the last."

"Well, I think he was a good king; and he gave us the Edict of Nantes, a precious edict to us, I have heard my mother say."

“He *was* in many respects a good king, a wise and noble king! Well does he deserve the title of ‘Great!’ and long will France mourn for him. He was too fond of pleasure, all must allow; but his many excellent qualities almost hid his faults. For the change in his religion, let us not judge him too harshly. Our Bible says, ‘Judge not, that ye be not judged.’ Could *we* have resisted such a temptation? The step he took secured him a vast kingdom, to which he was welcomed by all his subjects, Roman Catholic as well as Protestant; it put an end to the civil war, and restored peace to France. Besides which, he was incessantly urged to it by his most tried friends. Nevertheless, it was a wrong step—a step out of the right path, Victor. King Henry would sometimes observe, ‘I daily pray to God for three things;—first, that He would be pleased to pardon my enemies; secondly, to grant me the victory over my passions, especially over my love of pleasure; and thirdly, that He would enable me to make a right use of the authority He has given me, that I may never abuse it.’”

“I hope I shall walk in the right path, grandfather.”

“I hope you will, my boy, I hope you will. If you truly desire it, and pray for guidance, remember the promise of a gracious God,—‘Thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left.’”

NOTE.—The name *Protestant* was first given to those who objected to the doctrines and practices of the Church of Rome, Germany, because they *protested* against a decree of the empire forbidding innovations in religion, in 1529. Afterwards it was applied to persons objecting to Rome, in France also. But the French Protestants were more generally called *Hugonots*, or leaguers for the sake of religion, from the Swiss word *Eignots*, or confederates.

THE LION TURNED INTO A LAMB.



LOUIS the Fourteenth of France—‘*le grand monarque*,’ as the French call him—had three grandsons, of whom he was very fond. Their names were Louis, Duke of Burgundy, Philip, and Charles. The Duke of Burgundy was a fine, brave, truthful boy; generous, and kind-hearted; but he was so passionate, that at times he was like an enraged lion. He gave way to his violent temper to such a degree, that it was quite frightful to behold him. His fits of passion were terrible, and made those near him tremble. The least contradiction, or annoyance, was sufficient to rouse his anger and fury. And he never attempted to subdue this dreadful temper, but gave way to it, and *let it* get the better of him, till it became every





day worse and worse. Instead of fighting against it, he allowed it to conquer him ; and it grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength. Besides having this furious temper, he was extremely obstinate, and remarkably haughty and self-willed. He scorned all government, and would listen to no advice.

Now was not this a very sad thing ? To see a young prince, with many noble qualities, and heir presumptive to the French throne, giving way to tempers which would cause him to be a dreaded tyrant rather than a merciful king, and which might make his subjects fear and dislike him, but could never win their love or esteem, was enough to call forth many a sad foreboding. The French nation beheld with terror the turbulent disposition of the prince, and looked forward with dread to the time when he should be their sovereign. He grieved his relations and friends, he frightened his servants, and he was often very unhappy himself ; for who could be happy with such a temper as his ?

/ Is any little child who reads this story passionate or obstinate ? and do you desire to conquer your bad temper ? Then I will tell you how the

furious young Duke of Burgundy conquered his, and was changed from a lion to a lamb.

King Louis was very sorry to see his grandson with such a disposition, and various means were tried to cure him of his passions, but in vain. At length the king heard of a good and wise man, named Fenelon, and he appointed him preceptor to the young prince. Fenelon at once saw that his would be no easy task, but he entered on his labours with trust in God, and with a firm determination to do his duty. He perceived that his royal pupil's abilities were great, his talents of no common order, that he was generous and truthful; but he saw with grief and anxiety his haughty, ungoverned, and passionate disposition. However, he did not despair. This excellent man, besides being very clever, was of a firm yet gentle temper, and possessed unparalleled skill in the art of education. By his amiable manners and upright conduct, he soon gained the love and esteem of all in the household. Every one treated him with respect, and the servants declared one to another, that if any one *could* effect a change in their young master it must be Fenelon.

All went on very well for a short time; the

prince liked his studies with his clever and patient preceptor, and though a little haughty sometimes, had not given way to any outbursts of passion. But one day, some trifle having displeased him, he flew into such a rage about it, that it was quite terrible to see him. He dashed the furniture about, threw books and slates at the head of the unfortunate servant who had unintentionally annoyed him, used most violent language, and was, as his brothers said, "just like a furious lion." In the midst of his rage, Fenelon entered the apartment, and his earnest look of grief and pity, fixed on his pupil, for a moment calmed the tempest. But as the servant took advantage of this moment to leave the room, the prince's anger broke out afresh. Insisting on his return, he again used the most violent language towards him, and stamped on the ground with passion. Fenelon gazed at such a melancholy sight with sincere pity. He stood with his arms folded for a minute or two without speaking. He was, doubtless, thinking what a frightful spectacle is that of an ungoverned temper, and what a difficult thing to subdue. He knew that the Holy Spirit could alone change such a disposition, and feeling the deep importance of



that moment, he lifted up his heart to God for help. Then, in a calm voice, he desired the attendant to summon all the servants and bring them thither. The servant, glad to escape, obeyed, and the Duke of Burgundy, being left alone with his tutor, seemed to expect some lecture or punishment, and stood with a look of haughty defiance, prepared to resist to the utmost. But not a word was said; Fenelon quietly waited for the entrance of the servants, and the prince, when his fury had a little abated, began to think his preceptor was afraid of him. And as the thought arose, a scornful smile passed his lips. His astonishment was extreme when he heard Fenelon thus address the assembled servants,—“My friends, you see before you your master, the Duke of Burgundy, heir presumptive to the throne of France. You know how truly I desire his welfare; and I know how faithfully you wish to serve him. Now as he at times has no command over himself, but gives way to the most ungoverned passions, he is as one out of his senses, and as such he must be treated. You will therefore have nothing to say to him, and obey none of his imperious commands, till you hear from me that he may be treated as a reasonable

creature. I am sure you feel with me that he is much, very much to be pitied."

The servants, with compassion in their looks, bowed and retired; while the fiery glance, the heightened colour, and haughty demeanour of the prince, showed what a storm was raging in his breast. To be actually pitied by his own servants! What a blow to pride! He, the future king of France, to be held up as a spectacle for their compassion! His proud spirit could scarcely bear it. Looking round for the author of what he considered this studied insult, he saw him quietly writing at the further end of the room. He at once determined to show him that he could be calm also. With a haughty brow he strode out of the apartment and proceeded to the gardens. Every one whom he encountered avoided him, or looked at him with pity and compassion. In an imperious tone, he desired a servant to open the door of a summer-house. Instead of obeying, the servant with a gesture of profound pity, passed on. It was the same with them all. Entertaining the highest respect and esteem for Fenelon, they knew he had the good of his pupil at heart when he gave them his orders, and as the prince had long

been the terror of his household, they were quite ready to fall in with the views and plans of the excellent man to whose charge the king had confided him.

The young duke's haughty spirit could scarcely brook such treatment. He was too proud then to go into a passion, but he took refuge in silence and obstinacy. He felt he had done wrong, and was very uncomfortable, but could not bring himself to acknowledge his fault.

The following day, the duke seated himself at the table with his books open before him, but after some time, observing that his preceptor remained at the other end of the room, he asked him "if there were to be no studies that day?"

"No, my prince," replied Fenelon, "we can have no more studies till you have acknowledged your grievous fault of yesterday, and made some amends to the servant whom you hurt both by word and deed."

"Make him amends! What business had he to disobey me?"

"He did so quite unintentionally, and his forehead still bleeds from your violence."

"Well, I will give him a piece of gold."

"That will not be enough, prince. You wounded his heart as well as his forehead."

"How, M. Fenelon?"

"You told him you could not trust him, and that he was dishonest."

"Did I? I do not remember that. I think Pierre very trustworthy. What can I do?"

"You must tell him you regret your passionate words."

"Tell a servant I am sorry! No, M. Fenelon," said the haughty prince, "I cannot do *that*."

"Then I cannot consider you in a state to continue your studies. I should but grieve to see you acquiring knowledge, when you have no command over yourself. The power your passions have over you is frightful and lamentable indeed! Oh! my prince, how can you hereafter govern a mighty kingdom, when you cannot govern your temper in the slightest degree! Do you think your servants can respect you? You know they cannot. How then will your subjects? Be assured you are bringing misery on yourself, and on all connected with you, by indulging such a haughty passionate disposition. If it change not, France

will have reason to mourn the day that calls you to the throne."

The prince did not answer. He felt ashamed of himself, but was too proud to confess it; and though convinced of the truth of what his tutor said, yet the idea of telling the servant he regretted his passion was very revolting to his haughty spirit. He thought he could never do *that*; so he remained in obstinate silence, and determined to try for the mastery over his preceptor. For two or three days he continued in this haughty obstinate mood. Fenelon took but little notice of him, but spoke to him, when necessary, in a quiet grave manner. The servants were respectful, but still looked on him with serious compassion. His little brothers felt both fear and sorrow, and a sad spirit seemed to pervade the household. The prince himself was very unhappy. He could not proceed with the studies in which he delighted, because the tutor, who made those studies so interesting, was not near to assist him. He did not care to walk, for the walk seemed dull without his intelligent companion. But above all, he felt he had done wrong, and he knew he was still doing wrong, and that weighed upon his heart.

On the third evening after his outbreak of passion, he was sitting with his tutor in the study. Fenelon was reading, but he looked pale and sad. The prince also had an open book before him, but he could not read ; he was thinking deeply. Presently he raised his eyes, and fixing them on the kind intelligent countenance of his preceptor, saw how pale and sad it looked.

He felt that *he* had been the cause of that sadness. He felt he had grieved a kind and sincere friend. He knew Fenelon had his real good at heart in all that he had done, and he honoured the man who could brave the displeasure of the heir to a throne, and so firmly, so fearlessly, do his duty. He had never met with such a character before ; he had been surrounded with flatterers, but no one had ever so boldly told him of his faults. The Duke of Burgundy had a noble nature, with all his defects ; and he especially admired uprightness and integrity. His respect for Fenelon rose high, his obstinacy was subdued, and with all the truthfulness and generosity of his disposition he rose and approached his tutor. "M. Fenelon," he said, "I have done wrong, and am ashamed of my conduct. Can you pardon me ?"

"My dear prince," said the excellent man, as he embraced with joy his repentant pupil, "it is not from me you have to seek pardon; there is One"—

"I know what you would say; I spoke to Pierre this afternoon, and told him I regretted my unjust words and violent conduct."

"You have done well," said the tutor, with a brightening countenance. "You have at last gained a victory over your pride, but you will have many battles to fight with the tyrant. Pierre will now feel more respect for you."

"Poor fellow!" said the duke, "he seemed quite overpowered; it was very wrong of me to wound such a grateful, affectionate heart; but when I am in a passion, I do not know what I say."

"Tell me, my dear prince, do you not sometimes feel a strong desire to grow up a great and good man, that if you should ever sit on the throne of France, you may reign as a wise, just, and merciful king?"

"I do indeed; but I would have no flatterers; I would have those about me who hate deceit, and speak the truth boldly, as you do, M. Fenelon."

“ But if the truth should be displeasing to you, and you went into a furious passion, you would frighten your faithful friends.”

“ Well, I hope I should not be passionate then.”

“ My prince, your disposition *then* will be haughty, tyrannical, cruel, and unjust, if you do not begin *now* to subdue your passions. Your tempers will every day get more mastery over you, and then, though a king, you will be a slave !”

“ Ah, I remember what you said the other day, ‘ that France would mourn the day I came to the throne.’ Oh, I trust that will never be ! M. Fenelon,” continued the young prince, placing his hand in that of his tutor, “ I believe you are my sincere friend, and desire my welfare : teach me to become great and good, wise, just, and merciful ; teach me to conquer my pride, obstinacy, and passion.”

“ My beloved prince,” said Fenelon earnestly, “ God helping me, I will do my duty. But ever remember, there is One without whom we can do nothing. To Him you must daily, hourly look for help. He is mighty ; He can subdue ; He can

change the heart. Pray for the Holy Spirit, and watch and fight against your evil tempers. Pray fervently; watch constantly; fight boldly, and may God give you the victory!"

Do you think, dear children, that the young Duke of Burgundy forgot all his kind friend and tutor said to him? or that he was able at once to conquer his tempers? Neither; he daily loved and esteemed Fenelon more, but he found it very, *very* difficult to subdue his passion and pride. He often gave way to terrible fits of rage and obstinacy, and then, when he was calmer, he would go to his tutor, and almost with tears in his eyes declare he should never be able to resist his passion. And Fenelon would kindly encourage him to persevere, and strengthen him by his counsels.

"Do not despair, my dear prince," he would say; "do not give up the struggle. It is an arduous, but momentous contest. Strive for the victory. The wise man says, 'He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.' And consider what a pitiable sight is he who has no command over himself! You lately saw a city in ruins, and you thought it a sad spectacle. The Scripture

saith, 'He that hath no rule over his own spirit is like a city that is broken down, and without walls.'"

But though Fenelon was kind and gentle to his royal pupil, he was very firm. His strict orders were obeyed by the attendants, "that when the prince gave way to his passions, he should be considered as one who for the time had lost his reason." Sometimes the duke would display astonishing obstinacy, and seem determined not to yield to his preceptor; but the wise and conscientious Fenelon calmly persevered in his duty, however difficult, till at length the haughty spirit was subdued.

After some time, to the inexpressible joy of that excellent man, he began to perceive an improvement in his pupil's disposition. His example and his counsels had had their effect. His unwearying patience, his gentleness, his firm, uncompromising character, his integrity, his deep piety, and his faithful, tender love, had influenced the heart and mind of the young prince. The task assigned him had been a most difficult one, but he succeeded in accomplishing it. He had taught his royal pupil the value of self-respect, and the importance of his duties. By unremitting attention,

by appropriate observations, by his amiable qualities, and inflexible virtues, he had directed the mind, and won the high esteem and grateful love of the prince. In due time, the young duke became the attached friend of his preceptor; the preceptor was wholly devoted to his pupil. They appeared to partake of one mind. With what heartfelt joy and gratitude did the excellent Fenelon see the result of all his labours! with what happiness did he present to the monarch and to the people an interesting, amiable, and accomplished prince, at once the ornament and example of the court of Louis the Fourteenth! The lion was indeed turned into a lamb!

The young Duke of Burgundy was now sincerely religious, and the performance of his duty was the business of his life. In expectation of one day sitting on the throne of France, he, under the direction of Fenelon, constantly studied to acquire a perfect knowledge of every thing that could contribute to make the country flourishing, and his people happy. He possessed a sound judgment, great abilities, a lively wit, and what was better still, an inflexible integrity. He had earnestly prayed for Divine strength to enable him to sub-

due his passions ; he had carefully watched and manfully struggled against them ; and no one was now more respected, or more beloved, than this once haughty, self-willed, and passionate prince. He was very happy ; he made every one about him happy ; and the affectionate gratitude he felt towards his kind and wise preceptor was great indeed. Under his instruction he made such rapid progress in his studies, that it was said, "it was not easy to find in all France any man better informed than the Duke of Burgundy." His mind was of the first order, and having great application, he was never content with a kind of half-knowledge, but what he knew, he knew well and thoroughly.

When he was only ten years of age he wrote Latin with elegance, and translated the most difficult authors with an exactness and felicity which surprised the best judges. He was then perfectly master of Virgil, Horace, and the Metamorphoses of Ovid ; and was sensible of the beauty of Cicero's Orations. At the age of fourteen his information was perfectly astonishing.

The noble deportment and quiet dignity of the prince caused him to be ever treated with deference and respect ; as to his servants, their love and

admiration for him was extreme. They saw with wonder and delight the change in their young master, and the command he had over himself. With fidelity, zeal, and affection, they flew to execute his orders, and anticipate his slightest wish. He was the beloved of his family, and the pride of France, and with such principles, was formed to be one of the best, the wisest, and most upright monarchs that ever guided the destinies of a kingdom.

Now, was not this a happy change? If the brothers and the servants of the prince obeyed him, and gave up to him once from *fear*, they now did so from *love*; and, oh! how much more willing, affectionate, and grateful—how much more prized—was their obedience now!

Children, who are passionate and overbearing! did *you* ever try the power of kind looks and loving words? Did *you* ever try the mighty strength of gentleness? If not, begin at once to do so; you will be astonished at its influence!

The excellent Fenelon looked upon his illustrious pupil—now so eminent for worth and learning, so guided by high principles, and so sincerely religious—with a pride and an affection, and a heartfelt

gratitude to God, which none but teachers can experience, when they see that their arduous labours have not been in vain. His numerous discouragements, his anxieties, his weariness, his fears, his many years of patient toil and unceasing watchfulness, with the constant, solemn sense of his high responsibility, were all now *well* repaid! He felt that he was amply, richly recompensed!

Do you ever think, dear child, of the joy you give your teacher when she sees any improvement in you—of the delight which fills her heart when she perceives that you are *trying* to do what is right? You may occasionally be turned in a difficult lesson or so; but if she see you only *endeavouring* to walk in the right way; to do what you *ought* to do, rather than what you *like* to do; to try bravely to conquer your obstinacy, or passion, or quarrelsome disposition,—oh! she feels then an inward joy that sustains her through all her patient labours; a hope then rises in her heart, that those labours will one day—in seeing you guided by high principles—be abundantly rewarded!

For the instruction of his royal pupil, Fenelon wrote a book which will ever be a favourite with the young—the delightful fiction of *Telemachus*.

By the death of his father, which happened when the Duke of Burgundy was about thirty years of age, he became Dauphin of France, and next heir to the throne.

He was now married to an amiable and most engaging wife, with whom he was truly happy; they had two dear little boys; and the French nation anticipated with satisfaction and joy, the reign of so excellent a prince. But, alas! their hopes were disappointed. Instead of rejoicing over his accession, they had to mourn over his death. "God's ways are not as our ways, nor His thoughts as our thoughts;" and in His mysterious wisdom, before which we must humbly bow, He saw fit to cut short the life of the Dauphin. He was buried in the same grave with his wife, who died six days before him, of typhus fever. The death of so promising a prince was not only to the king, but to the country, an irreparable loss, and no one felt the bereavement more than Fenelon did. He had been appointed Archbishop of Cambray, but his grateful pupil constantly corresponded with him. On the sad tidings of his death being announced to him, he exclaimed, "Then are all my hopes cut off!" and, as the tears rolled down

his cheeks, he added, "but if the turning of a straw would bring him to life again, I would not do it!" Such was the pious resignation of this good man.

In about three weeks after this lamentable event, the Dauphin's eldest son, who was now heir to the throne, died also; and the hopes of the Bourbons now rested on the only remaining son of the departed prince. He was a delicate little boy, and great fears had been entertained for his life; but he lived to reign as Louis the Fifteenth. Of the brothers of the Dauphin, Philip became King of Spain; and Charles, Duke of Berry, died shortly after the prince.

Louis the Fourteenth reigned seventy-two years! He lived to see the English government in the hands of Charles the First, Oliver Cromwell, Charles the Second, James the Second, William and Mary, Anne, and George the First. You know it was to him that Charles the Second sold Dunkirk; it was he who fought so much with William, Prince of Orange, and received James the Second at his palace of St. Germain; and it was his army which was defeated at the famous battle of Blenheim in the time of Queen Anne. I must tell you that

the day after that great victory, the Duke of Marlborough went to visit Marshal Tallard, the French commander, who had been taken prisoner. "I assure you," said the latter, "you have beaten the best troops in the world."

"I hope," replied Marlborough, "you will except those by whom they have been beaten."

The court of Louis the Fourteenth was a very splendid one, for he was a king who loved magnificence. His courtiers were extremely polite, and he had generally a train of six hundred surrounding him; all paying the greatest attention to dress and etiquette. He converted the hunting lodge of Versailles into one of the largest palaces in Europe, and used to give the most magnificent *fêtes* in its gardens. One of those splendid *fêtes*, celebrated for the variety of its entertainments, lasted seven days. The most graceful dances were the fashion at this time, and complimentary and flattering speeches were the language of the court. Some of these flattering speeches were very false and most ridiculous. For instance, when the great poet Corneille died, there was a vacancy in the French Academy. The vacant seat was offered to a noble duke, and this message accompanied the

offer, "That even if the number of members were full, there was not one of them who would not willingly die to make room for him."

One nobleman, however, was more celebrated for his polite deeds than his flattering words. The king went to visit him, and remarked, "that the long avenue of trees near the castle hid the view of the river." That very night the polite nobleman had all his fine trees cut down. When the monarch looked out of the window in the morning he was much astonished to find the avenue had disappeared. Expressing his surprise, the courtier, with a low bow, replied, "Your Majesty disapproved of it, therefore it is no longer to be seen."

The court saw that the straightforward Duke of Burgundy despised such flatteries, and therefore did not offer them to him. His noble nature was utterly averse to all kinds of insincerity.

Louis himself set his courtiers an example of being so ceremoniously polite, that in their fine and flattering speeches to him and to each other, they too often said what they did not mean. One day, the king was showing his beautiful gardens at Marli to a nobleman, which he considered a high honour. It began to rain a little, and Louis

expressed his regret that the nobleman should be exposed to the weather. The latter replied, with a bow and a smile, "Ah, Sire, the rain of Marli does not wet."

Ambition was the ruling passion of Louis the Fourteenth, and his continual wars in endeavouring to extend his dominions, brought misery on many a happy family. He was truly regal in appearance and manners, and Cardinal Mazarine used to say, "I find in Louis stuff enough to make four kings, and one honest man."

Whatever the cardinal said of him, he was certainly *not a good man*. His immoral life afforded a sad example to his subjects. It is reported that on his death-bed he regretted many things he had done, especially that he had been so fond of war. He had great need to do so.

His great grandson succeeded him on the throne.





THE ROYAL CAPTIVES.

BETWEEN fifty and sixty years ago, two little children, a boy and a girl, were walking in some beautiful gardens, on a fine summer's day. The little girl was about eleven years old, and her brother not quite five. They were nice looking children; the little boy was indeed beautiful, and his long fair hair hung in clustering curls over his neck and shoulders. His look of bright intelligence, the sweet expression in his deep blue eyes, and his gay and lively, though at times gentle and pensive manner, could not fail to interest all who saw him.

"Well, sister," he said, as they walked on lovingly together, "you were going to tell me about the hard winter before I was born."

72 SHORT STORIES FROM EUROPEAN HISTORY.

"Yes; mamma then, after telling us how much the poor in Paris were suffering from the cold, took me and our poor brother into her closet. It was New Year's eve, when you know we always have new toys from Paris, and there they were, all spread out on the table. I had fixed my eyes on a beautiful doll, such as I had never seen before, and my brother had taken up some new kind of toy, when mamma desired us not to touch anything. She then said, 'My dear children, I did intend to give you some handsome toys to-day as usual, but the poor are suffering so much this severe weather, that I think it will be far better to lay out the money the playthings would cost in blankets and warm clothing for them. So this year you will only have the pleasure of *looking* at the new toys; and I hope you will both be quite willing to give up a little pleasure for the sake of making some poor families comfortable and happy.' We were then allowed to look at the toys for half an hour, after which they were all sent back to Paris."

"Were you not disappointed, Marie?"

"Yes, I was at first; but when mamma told me *to consider* how miserable *I* should be without a

fire that cold weather, I felt quite willing to give up my toys."

"We have a good mamma, have we not, sister? I do love her so very much. Look at my garden! I shall have a beautiful bouquet to present to her to-morrow morning."

"You will indeed, Louis. How nice your garden looks!"

"Oh, I have been working so hard at it to-day, I am so fond of flowers. Let me gather you a rose, sister."

The little garden was in beautiful order and full of flowers. Louis worked hard in it every day, for he had a decided taste for flowers, which his parents encouraged, and each morning the little boy gathered his fairest nosegay to present to his mamma when she awoke.

He was a peculiarly sweet and engaging child, and his affectionate and docile temper rendered him very dear to his parents.

"See! there are papa and mamma! let us run to them," exclaimed Louis; and in another minute he was at their side. A happier family party there could scarcely be, than that which now wandered through those extensive and beautiful grounds.

The dear little Louis—his kind and good father, so ready to instruct or amuse his little son—his beautiful mother, with her sweet and winning manners, so devotedly attached to her husband and children—his pious and excellent aunt—and his gentle loving sister, Marie Thérèse. They were a very happy family; whether walking in the park, or sitting in the gilded apartments of their castle, their tastes and dispositions harmonized so well together. They were characterized by so much good sense and good feeling, and they were all so kind and affectionate, that a jarring word was never heard amongst them.

Such was the family of Louis the Sixteenth of France, and such the happiness that reigned in it.

Marie Antoinette, the beautiful wife of that monarch, early taught her dear children to feel for the miseries of the poor, and endeavoured to cultivate in them every amiable disposition. They had also an example worthy of imitation in their excellent aunt, the Princess Elizabeth, who was so truly good and pious that all loved and respected her. Her constant endeavour and desire was to do good; she was charitable, kind, and benevolent. Her sincere piety guided her safely through the

frivolities of a court, and supported her in the great trials which afterwards came upon her; and in her sorrows she evinced so much calmness, fortitude, and resignation, that she received the appellation of "the saint-like Elizabeth." King Louis, too, though timid and irresolute, was most amiable and pious, and ascended the throne with an earnest desire to reign with justice, mercy, and moderation; to be, in truth, the father of his people. He was very fond of reading, mechanics, and other quiet employments, so that, instead of rejoicing when they came to announce to him that he was King of France, he is said to have exclaimed, "Oh, what a misfortune for me!"

With such examples before them, the two children of the King and Queen of France learned much that was good, and daily improved in every kind and amiable disposition. The little Dauphin, especially, who inherited the mildness of his father, with the lofty dignity of his mother, evinced so much intellect, with so much docility and affection, that it was impossible for any one not to love him. To his parents, who saw in him the promise of a noble and virtuous character, he was inexpressibly dear.

The king would sometimes take his little son a walk in the forest; and one day, when at some distance from home, he asked him if he thought he could find his way back with the aid of a compass.

"I will try, papa," said the child, nothing daunted at the prospect of being left alone in the great wood.

"Then," said the king, "do you take the right hand, I will take the left; and let us meet at the castle."

The little boy wandered for some hours in the forest, but at length, by means of the compass, arrived at the castle, where his father had been for some time expecting him.

"Well, my boy," said King Louis, "how did you find your way out of the forest?"

"Ah, papa!" replied the child, "would not my heart guide me to you as truly as the needle points to the pole?"

Another day, as the Dauphin was learning his lessons, he suddenly began to hiss.

"What is the matter?" said his tutor.

"I am learning my lessons so badly, sir, that I hiss myself," was his reply.

His garden was his great delight; and with his

rake, and hoe, and spade, he would spend whole hours in it, till his fair little cheek was as bright as one of his own roses. If any one offered to help him to dig, he would reply, "No, thank you; it is because it is my very own garden, and no one works in it but myself, that mamma is so fond of the flowers; it would not be the same if you helped me." And every morning, whatever the weather might be, he went out to gather his mamma an early nosegay.

But this amiable and interesting child, the object of so many hopes and such deep affection, was destined to have his innocent pleasures taken from him, and the remainder of his short life rendered completely miserable! The descendant of a long line of kings, and heir to the throne of France, he yet suffered wretchedness of which you, my dear children, have no conception. Poor little boy! the son of the lowliest peasant in England would have been sorry indeed to have exchanged places with the hapless Dauphin of France!

His good father too, his kind and tender mother, his dear sister, and his excellent aunt, were alike overwhelmed with misery. Their happiness was destroyed; their affectionate family circle broken

up, and they, whose great desire it was to benefit the people in every way, were by that people loaded with insolence and ingratitude!

I will tell you how this came to pass.

The French people were, at that time, in a very disturbed, excited state, discontented, irreligious, and ripe for revolt. They did not "fear God," or "honour the king." Good and kind as Louis the Sixteenth was, he and the queen were very unpopular. The king was timid and wavering, had no good and wise counsellors to advise him how to act, and was unable to govern the people in the state they then were. Marie Antoinette, who had more decision and presence of mind, and was frequently obliged to act a prominent part in state affairs,—though her conduct as a wife and mother was most exemplary,—was much disliked. But the French were then in a state to like nothing that was good and virtuous.

After several disturbances, which plainly foretold the approach of a terrible storm, the dreadful French Revolution broke out in 1789. The riots commenced in Paris, and extended into the country. The people took a hatred to the nobility and rich *men*, and pillaged and burnt their castles. They

said, in their folly and wickedness, that there ought to be no great men; that all classes should be equal in power and rank. They had lost all sense of religion, or they would have remembered that "the Lord maketh poor, and maketh rich;" and that the Bible says, "Submit yourselves unto every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake; whether it be to the king, as supreme, or unto governors."

But when a nation becomes full of infidelity and irreligion, as France did, throwing off the fear of God, and rising up against its lawful rulers, nothing but misery and ruin can be the consequence.

King Louis in vain attempted to put a stop to these disturbances; the people triumphed — his power was gone.

To add to the calamities of the times, a scarcity of provisions began to be felt in Paris; and one morning in October, a furious mob of men and women, amounting to some thousands, marched from the capital to Versailles, which is about twelve miles distant, clamorously demanding—
"Bread! Bread!"

"Alas!" said Louis, when they surrounded his palace, "could I give my people bread, they should not need to ask for it."

At six o'clock on the following morning, to the terror of the royal family, the infuriated rabble broke into the palace, murdering two of the brave soldiers who opposed their entrance.

They went through all the splendid apartments in search of the queen, who with difficulty escaped their fury. The savage mob then insisted that the king should return with them to Paris, and Louis, who was endeavouring to soothe his alarmed wife and children, heard shouts of "The King to Paris!"

"I will go," said the monarch, "provided my wife and children may accompany me."

This was granted, and the royal family, pale and terrified, entered the carriage.

The little Dauphin, who only knew that he was going to Paris, was much grieved at the thoughts of leaving his garden, and when his attendants told him he should have a much nicer one in the capital, he replied, with tears in his eyes, "Ah! but they will not be my own flowers that I planted and watered; I shall never love any flowers so well as these."

Poor child! he was but a delicate little flower himself; and his father sighed when he reflected

how soon his bloom might wither in the close atmosphere of a city.

It was a terrible journey thither; the savage rabble, amongst whom were many hundred women, shouted, sang, and uttered insolent speeches close to the carriage windows, while full in view were borne on pikes the heads of the two guards whom they had killed.

The frightened child clung to his mamma, who endeavoured to appear calm during this trying scene; and behaved herself throughout with the queen-like dignity for which she was remarkable.

The character of Marie Antoinette was one which shone brightly in adversity. When she found that the nobles—who, in that time of danger, should have rallied round the throne—had fled the kingdom, she wrote to them,—

“If you love your king, your country, your government, and your religion, return! return! return! Marie Antoinette.”

And though continually importuned by her friends to retire to Vienna, as she was the chief object of the popular fury, she never would consent to leave France.

“My only care,” she said, “is for my dear

husband and children ; with them, and them only, I will live and die."

On their arrival in Paris, the royal family were taken to the palace of the Tuileries, where they remained in captivity for about two years. It was a melancholy change for them ! They could not consider even the palace gardens as their own ; but a small part was railed off for the Dauphin, in which he was allowed to cultivate his favourite flowers, though always attended by two guards, to prevent his escape. The fair child could no longer roam over the fields and through the forests in the beautiful country he loved so well ; he saw his kind papa most unhappy, and his dear mamma constantly in tears. But he was a good little boy ; instead of complaining of his privations, he tried to comfort and amuse his parents. And he would often give his flowers to the soldiers who guarded him, saying, as he did so, "I would give you many more, but my mamma is so very fond of them."

At length King Louis determined, if possible, to escape from this irksome captivity, and put himself at the head of that part of the army which *still remained* loyal to him. This was no easy

undertaking, they were so closely watched. So it was agreed, that the children's governess should pass off as a Russian lady, and the two children as her two daughters, the Queen should be the governess, and the King and the Princess Elizabeth the two attendants. One night, accordingly, the Dauphin was roused from his sleep, and dressed for a journey.

The poor child was so sleepy he could scarcely stand, and when he saw himself dressed in girl's clothes, he asked if they were going to act a play. He and his sister were then taken to the carriage, and though he soon fell asleep again, in happy ignorance of his danger, yet the princess, being now thirteen years of age, was able to understand the anxieties of their situation. After waiting some time, the King, Queen, and Princess Elizabeth joined them, and they set off, in much fear of being discovered. They intended going to Varennes, but they did not well know the road; it was in the middle of the night, and they were aware, that as soon as their flight became known, a thousand dangers awaited them. However, they hoped for the best; and as the queen gazed on her dear sleeping boy, she anticipated with a mother's

joy, his restoration to freedom and happiness. Alas! her fond hopes were disappointed.

For a hundred and sixty-six miles the royal fugitives travelled in safety, when, on passing through a town not far from Varennes, the king unfortunately put his head out of the carriage window to make some inquiries as to the road. The post-master's son happened to look at him.

"Why," he said to himself, "I have seen that face before! where could it be? Why, on those papers I received this very morning from Paris. It must be the King! Yes, and there is the Queen too—and the children! They must be escaping! Here is a pretty business! I'll be off to Varennes at once and give the alarm. Louis shall not escape from us yet, if I can help it."

He called for a horse, and galloped away.

When the royal family reached Varennes, which was in the night, they found the town in an uproar. The alarm had been given, the bridge barricaded, and the carriage was soon surrounded by a throng of people. Just at this juncture, an escort of soldiers, which should have met the royal fugitives sooner, but from some cause was delayed, *rode up, and the Commandant asked Louis,—*

“ Shall I force a way for your Majesty through the crowd ? ”

“ Will it be attended with much bloodshed ? ” said the king.

“ It may cost a few lives, your Majesty.”

“ Then the attempt must not be made,” replied the monarch, and he surrendered himself a prisoner. Alas ! his tender care for the lives of his subjects did not prevent his own being sacrificed.

You may imagine what a bitter disappointment this was to poor Marie Antoinette. They were so near the end of their journey, and every mile they passed seemed to lessen their danger and give them brighter hopes of freedom.

Now their hopes were at an end !

The royal party were then taken to the house of the mayor. He was a grocer, and the Queen sitting down in the shop, implored his wife, with tears in her eyes, to assist them to escape.

“ Oh ! ” she said, “ help and pity an unfortunate queen, who is nearly worn out with sorrow. We never harmed you : we wished only the good of our people. Contrive our escape, and I will pray for a blessing on you to the last day of my life. You will lay your head on your pillow with the sweet thought that you have been the means of

unspeakable happiness to a whole family. Look at my husband and my children, dearer to me than life itself. Oh ! if you have the feelings of a wife and a mother—if you know what it is to have your little ones twined round your heart—take pity on your queen ! ”

The woman was much affected. The bitter grief of Marie Antoinette—her exquisite loveliness and fascination of manner—the remembrance of her exalted rank—and her touching, sorrowful appeal in behalf of those so dear to her, quite overcame her, and she burst into tears.

“ Oh ! madam, gladly would I help you if I dared. But my husband—I love my husband too—and if he should connive at your escape, it would fall back on his own head. He would surely be put to death. And then what would become of me ! No, from my heart I pity you—but I cannot—I dare not.”

The piteous pleading of the Queen was in vain—the royal fugitives were compelled to re-enter the carriage, and return to the metropolis.

On their arrival in Paris they were treated more severely, and watched more vigilantly, than ever.

Guards were placed night and day at the doors of their apartments, and watchful eyes were ever

upon them. The King fell into a state of deep gloom; the Queen's spirits sank within her; and sorrow had such an effect on her, that in one night her beautiful hair turned perfectly white from grief and anxiety. But though her beauty was dimmed, and her hopes crushed, Marie Antoinette still maintained her graceful, queen-like dignity, and when necessary, could call up the energies of her lofty spirit.

During the imprisonment of the royal family at the Tuileries, the infuriated mob twice forced their way in, to the terror of the captives. It was a frightful and tumultuous scene, for the half-intoxicated revolutionists were armed with pikes, and went from room to room seeking the king. He behaved with admirable composure and presence of mind; and, notwithstanding the threats and insults she received, the Princess Elizabeth stood by his side with heroic affection, and would not leave him till the mob had retired.

On one of these occasions, when their lives appeared in great danger, the little dauphin, pale and trembling, sunk on his knees, and offered up a prayer to God to "save his poor mamma." Young as he was, he knew the value of prayer.

A few days after this fearful tumult the king and his family were removed to the Temple, a most gloomy, dreary prison, with walls nine feet in thickness.

On first going to this melancholy abode they were allowed books and work, and the king employed himself in the education of the dauphin, while the queen instructed the princess. The Princess Elizabeth spent much of her time in devotion, and every morning read the service for the day. The unfortunate captives felt now the soothing, sustaining power of religion. They were supported under their afflictions by trust in God, and they endeavoured to be resigned and submissive to His will.

The queen was fond of working at tapestry, and the Princess Elizabeth used to read religious books to her while she was employed at her needle. Every day, whatever the weather might be, they were all obliged to walk in the garden at a certain hour, that the guards, who were then relieved, might be satisfied they were all safe. Guards were always in their room, to hear every word they said, and watch narrowly all they did.

The little dauphin was engaged at his lessons

till eleven o'clock, when he was allowed to go to his garden—for he had a garden still, where he cultivated the flowers of which he was so fond. It was a gloomy garden, and the flowers seemed to miss the bright sunshine, but still they were flowers, and the dear little boy had still an occasional nosegay to present to his sorrowing mamma. He was a contented, happy child, and his playful gaiety, and sweet temper, cheered the hearts of his parents in their painful captivity.

And how do you think the little princess amused herself in her prison? She knew she should be happier if she were employed, and that idleness, and repining at her situation, would only grieve her parents. So she resolved in her spare moments—for she had her lessons and work to attend to—to write a journal. She was then fourteen. Now as they were not allowed the use of pens, ink, or paper, she was obliged to write with a pencil, on any little scraps of paper she could find. She wrote her sad, sad journal, and the scraps of paper were afterwards collected together and published. And she was a very useful little girl too. The king was allowed to retain his valet, but the queen was deprived of all her servants,

and was waited upon by her daughter and sister. And the two princesses used to sweep out the rooms, dust the furniture, and make the beds. Yes, princesses, who had from infancy been brought up in luxury, and waited on by a train of attentive servants, were now obliged to perform these menial offices! But they did it all meekly, and uncomplainingly—they bore this, and the daily insults they received, without a murmuring word. The patience and resignation the royal captives evinced, was truly admirable. They could endure all but separation from each other.

And yet they were to be separated,—and in a terrible manner.

After an imprisonment of four months in the Temple, King Louis was placed upon his trial. He appeared calm and unmoved. The counsel he chose for his defence executed their task with ability and courage. One of them concluded his speech with these words, so true and touching:—
“ Louis, placed on the throne at the age of twenty, was a pattern of morality, justice, and economy. He was the constant friend of the people. The people wished to have some injurious impost *removed*, Louis removed it; the people wished for

the abolition of agrarian servitude, Louis abolished it; the people desired reforms, he put them in execution; the people wished to change the laws, he consented; the people longed for liberty, he gave it."

But this had no weight with the cruel and wicked men who had determined to put the king to death. They condemned him to be executed; and on the 21st of January, 1793, he was led to the scaffold.

With calm fortitude and Christian resignation the unfortunate monarch met his fate. The awful sentence did not find him unprepared; and he was supported and cheered in his last moments by the consolations of religion.

As you may suppose, the parting with his family was affecting in the extreme. The agony of the desolate wife, the heart-rending grief of the poor children, and the mute, deep sorrow of the sister, cannot be described. With sobs and tears they clung despairingly to one so honoured and beloved, about to be separated from them by a violent death! They were at length forced to part, and the painful interview over, Louis spent some time in prayer. He had told his family he would

see them again in the morning, but when the morning came he thought it better to spare them the misery of such a meeting. He was attended by an immense concourse of people to the place of execution. When on the scaffold he said, "Frenchmen! I die innocent. I forgive all my enemies, and I hope that France—" but here the drums beat to drown his voice. In a few minutes all was over. Whilst the abbé who attended him said, "Son of St. Louis, ascend to heaven," the axe descended, and Louis the Sixteenth expired. He was in his thirty-ninth year.

But the wicked men who had been led to commit such a fearful crime, did not stop here. One sin leads to another, and not satisfied with the death of their sovereign, they now turned their fury against his mourning family.

The poor little dauphin, acknowledged in Europe as King Louis the Seventeenth, was the next object of their cruelty. Not daring to bring to the guillotine a little child of eight years old, they resolved to embitter his innocent days, and to render his life miserable. And they did so; the engaging and princely boy, so beautiful in aspect, *so gentle and affectionate* in disposition, nurtured

with so much care and tenderness, was made to endure wretchedness, such as falls to the lot of few!

The little princess, in her diary, says, after describing her mother's mute despair, her aunt's pious resignation, and her own bitter grief, at her beloved father's death—that an order soon came to take from them her dear little brother. On this cruel command being given, the Dauphin clung to his mother in a burst of grief, entreating with the most piteous sobs and tears that he might not be separated from her. And the poor heart-broken mother, in an agony of sorrow, put her arms round her child, and declared she could not, would not, part with him. This most affecting scene lasted a whole hour; the queen protecting her son from the officers, and they, with threats and insults, endeavouring to force him from her. At last they said “they would take him, or kill both him and his sister.” And then, with all a tender mother's love, she kissed her fair boy, and gave him up to the cruel men; and he, affectionately embracing his sister and aunt, gave a last fond look at his dear mamma, and was carried off in a flood of tears. They never met again!

Poor Marie Antoinette! She never looked up

again after the loss of her darling boy. Her heart seemed broken. Her only pleasure was to go upon the leads of the tower, and see him through a chink in the wall, as he passed at a distance. She would sit for hours watching for this glimpse of him. But this solitary pleasure did not continue long; the poor queen was taken away from her sister and daughter, and placed in a very dismal prison. As she was being led thither she struck her head against a low doorway. The jailer asked if she were hurt. "Nothing can hurt me now," said the desolate mother.

And desolate indeed was the once courted, beautiful, and happy Marie Antoinette! A police officer watched her night and day in her damp and gloomy cell. She was very fond of work, and had beguiled many a sorrowful hour with her needle; but she was not even allowed now that indulgence. However, finding in her cell a piece of old carpet, she unravelled it, and contrived with two bits of wood to do some knitting; even that was some alleviation of her misery.

For nine months the widowed queen mourned the loss of her husband, and then she followed him *to the scaffold*. With a firm, and even dignified

demeanour, she ascended the fatal steps; and the beautiful Marie Antoinette—the wife of a king, and the daughter and sister of an emperor, perished by the hands of the executioner, in the thirty-eighth year of her age.

Accomplished and kind-hearted, with great fascination of manner, this unfortunate queen had in her own circle been greatly beloved. When the sad tidings of her death reached one of her friends in exile, it had such an effect on her, that uttering a piercing shriek, she instantly expired.

The next royal victim was the excellent Princess Elizabeth. She was put to death in 1794, displaying to the last the piety, dignity, and holy serenity, for which she had long been distinguished.

After the death of her aunt, the little princess was left for six dreary months alone in her gloomy prison, when she was taken out and sent to her friends in Vienna. So much had she seen of suffering, that for a whole year a smile never passed her lips. As to the poor little dauphin, I can scarcely bear to tell you of his sorrows, it is such a sad, *sad* history. He was shut up in a close

room, and not allowed to breathe the fresh air, or see his favourite flowers; and he was under the care of a wicked, hard-hearted man, who took away all his books and toys, and treated him barbarously. This ruffian, not content with his cruelty during the day, would rouse the poor little boy out of his sleep at night, calling in a loud voice, "Capet, Capet, come here, that I may see you are safe." And the child was obliged instantly to comply with the summons. Then just as he had fallen asleep again, his tormentor would call him the second time.

But the greatest sorrow of poor little Louis was, that he was never allowed to see his dear mother. He would cry sometimes as if his heart would break, as he sat thinking of her. And yet the cruel jailers by some means persuaded him that he had said something against her, which cast blame on her character.

When the unhappy prince found that the expressions he had innocently used had been brought forward in accusation against a mother he so dearly loved, he was so shocked and grieved he declared he would never speak again. And this resolution *he kept for eighteen long months!*—neither threats

nor promises could induce him to utter a single word.

In his loathsome and dreary prison, the youthful King pined away. For six months his bed was never made; he had no attention paid to him—no kind friend near him to speak a word of comfort. His beautiful hair was left uncombed, and his personal cleanliness quite neglected. Both mind and body sank under such treatment. His strength decayed; his intellects, once so bright, became impaired; and this lovely boy, gifted by nature with a strong constitution, became a diseased and miserable object. Latterly, he had kinder keepers, and his comfort was rather more attended to; but it was too late to save him; and after a lingering captivity of two years and six months from the time of his father's death, Louis the Seventeenth was released from his sorrows, at the early age of ten years.

Such was the melancholy fate of this amiable and once happy family! Their sufferings and death afford a striking proof of the crimes into which a nation will fall, when it throws off the fear of God. The land was full of infidelity; and tyranny and bloodshed followed in its train. On

the other hand, we may see how powerful are the consolations of religion in the hour of trial; and trial must come to us all, sooner or later. Religion then is found to be precious indeed; "more precious than rubies."







No. V.

THE OLD SOLDIER'S STORY.

IN the beautiful meadows surrounding a castle situated in the pleasant province of Touraine, there was assembled, not many years ago, a party of happy children at play. Their names were Alphonse, Louise, Theresa, and Eugene. It was a lovely summer's afternoon; not a cloud was to be seen on the blue sky; not a breath of air stirred the thick foliage of the fine old trees; and numerous little wild flowers peeped up here and there in the green grass, tempting the children to form a wreath to carry home to their mamma. Their tiny hands were soon busy; and when they had gathered some of every kind and colour, they sat down under a large chestnut tree to arrange them.

They were happy children. Louise was not

envious because Theresa had a handful of bright scarlet poppies, and she had not one; and Eugene's smiling little mouth did not begin to pout when he found that his employment was only to hand the flowers to Alphonse, who assisted in tying them together. They had learned the pleasure of pleasing; and all was harmony, peace, and love. They had been early taught to be thankful for the many blessings they enjoyed; and their happy little hearts found something bright in every event. The flowers that bloomed in the sunshine—the birds that sang so merrily—the butterflies—the tall trees—the waving grass—the very insects at their feet—contributed to their pleasure.

"Oh! look at all those birds!" exclaimed Theresa; "how fast they fly; how I should like to know where they are all going in such haste! Don't you love to see them, Louise? I almost wish sometimes that I was a little bird; I should like to be a lark, to fly so high, and sing so sweetly."

"If you were a lark, you could not pick flowers, and make a wreath for mamma," observed Alphonse.

"*True, I forgot that,*" said the merry child. "I

heard you saying some poem to-day, dear Alphonse, about birds; and mamma said, 'Yes, we may learn many lessons from them.' There was something about their swiftness which I liked very much; do you think you could repeat it now for your little Theresa?"

"Why, as the little Theresa is papa's 'bright little bird,' she ought to know what is worthy of imitation in her winged companions, so I will do my best." And Alphonse, in a clear voice, repeated the lines—

"Beautiful birds of the azure wing,
Bright creatures that come with the voice of spring,
We see you arrayed in the hues of the morn,
Yet ye dream not of pride, and ye wist not of scorn;
Though rainbow splendour around you glows,
Ye vaunt not the beauty which nature bestows;
Oh, what a lesson for glory are ye—
How ye preach of the grace of humility!

"Ye birds that skim o'er the stormy deep,
Who steadily onward your journey keep,
Who neither for rest nor slumber stay,
But press still forward by night and day,
And in your unwearying course yet fly,
Beneath the clear and the clouded sky;
Oh! may we without delay, like you,
The path of duty and right pursue.

"Sweet birds, that breathe the spirit of song,
 And surround heaven's gate in melodious throng,
 Who rise with the earliest beams of day,
 Your early tribute of thanks to pay,—
 You remind us that we alike should raise
 The voice of devotion and song of praise ;
 There's something about you that points on high,
 Ye beautiful tenants of earth and sky !"

"Oh, I do like that !" exclaimed the children.

"And you know they teach us another lesson," said Eugene ;—

"Birds in their little nests agree."

"Yes, and to be industrious as well as persevering," said Louise ; "they do not loiter when they are building their nests."

"Pretty birds !" said Theresa, gazing upwards ; "I did not know you could teach us so much. I will try to learn of you to be patient and persevering."

"Look !" exclaimed Eugene, "there is old Dumont sitting under the tree at the farther end of the meadow ; let us go and ask him how he is."

"Yes," said Theresa, "and if he is pretty well, perhaps he will tell us a story."

"*Poor old man !*" observed the more thought-

ful little Louise, "this beautiful day has tempted him out; we must not chatter too fast to him, dear Theresa. See, I have some cake and fruit in my basket; you shall offer him some, and carry the basket."

"Thank you, kind Louise, that will refresh him. I wonder what makes him always so ill."

"He lost his health in the Russian campaign," said Alphonse. "You know he served in the army of Napoleon."

"Yes, I knew that, and I know papa is very kind to him, and often gives him money; but I think he always looks rather sad."

"He is smiling now to see us coming. Good afternoon, Dumont, how are you to-day?"

"Thank you, sir, I am bravely to-day," replied the old man; "I came out to feel the warm sun and breathe the fresh air, and though I cannot get very far on my crutches, yet I am already much better for my short march."

"Ah! it is not like the marches of your younger days," said Alphonse, "with the banners flying and the trumpets sounding! Oh, Dumont!" continued the boy, with glowing cheeks, "how I should like to be a soldier!"

• “Say not so, sir, say not so. Look at me with these crippled limbs and infirm health, old before my time, and a burden to my friends—and do not wish to be a soldier.”

“Oh! I think those crippled limbs are highly honourable to you, and you should be very proud of them.”

“Ay, it is very fine to talk of honour and glory, and all that; but I often think I should have been a wiser man to have stayed at home, and cultivated my little bit of ground, than have been so ready to take up a soldier’s life. Not but what I would fight to-morrow in defence of my country, were I able, but I have learned a great deal during my years of pain and inactivity. I see there is a wide difference between fighting to defend our country, and fighting to obtain what does not belong to us.”

“Here, Dumont,” said Theresa, offering her basket to the old man, “we have brought you some cake and fruit; it will refresh you.”

“Bless your kind heart, Miss Theresa; it is indeed refreshing, and the cake is excellent. I am much better now; the very sight of your *smiling faces* does me good. Ah! I see what

Master Eugene would like—a story from the old soldier—is it not so?”

“Oh, yes! yes! that *will* be nice!” exclaimed the children, and seating themselves on the grass, they showed by their animated countenances and pleased looks, how truly they loved “a story.”

“Master Alphonse was speaking of a march,” said old Dumont: “I will tell you of my first march, when so proud and pleased was I at being a soldier under the great Napoleon, that I called it my ‘march to glory.’”

“Did you love Napoleon?” asked little Theresa.

“Love him! I would have died for him! I loved him from the moment I first joined his army; I love him to this hour. He was my idol—my star! But, Miss Theresa, years of reflection have taught me that he was *wrong*—wrong in his aim—wrong in his attainment. Yes, I have often asked myself, what good came from all his conquests? what was the result of his glorious victories? And I have been answered, in looking round on desolate homes and bleeding hearts. When I ask myself the important question, what good have I rendered to my fellow-creatures? is

the world any better for my sojourn in it? I find I cannot answer it satisfactorily; and this often makes me sad. Now if *I* have been to blame—if I have helped to make misery, instead of cultivating peace and goodwill, what must be said of him who was the cause of it?—who, influenced solely by ambition, led on me, and thousands more, in a wrong path? Yes, I almost idolized my loved Emperor, but I feel he was the author of incalculable misery!”

“Ah! war is a terrible thing!” sighed little Louise; “I hope Alphonse will not be a soldier. Suppose he were to come home from fighting, crippled for life, and always in pain, as you are!”

“Then you would have to nurse me, sister Louise,” said Alphonse, laughing at the sad expression of her face as she pictured her brother’s sufferings. “Come, I am not a soldier yet, so do not look so melancholy. Let us hear about the march, good Dumont.”

“Well, sir, it was in the year 1796 that Napoleon Buonaparte was placed at the head of the army in Italy. He was only six-and-twenty when he received this splendid appointment, and some *objection being raised on account of his youth,*

he is said to have replied, 'In less than a year I shall be either old or dead.' And from that hour he became grave and dignified, as if determined that no levity of conduct on his part should be a bar to his advancement.

"I shall never forget the day he joined the army ! It was the first time I ever saw him. He addressed us thus:—'Soldiers ! you are naked and hungry ; the Republic owes you much, but she has not the means of paying her debts. The constancy and courage you have shown in the midst of these rocks are admirable, but they win you no glory. I am come to lead you into the most fertile plains in the world, where rich provinces and great cities will be at your disposal. There you will find wealth, honour, glory. Soldiers of Italy ! will you now be wanting in fidelity and valour ?' We felt confidence in our young and fearless leader at once ; and from that moment, with devoted hearts, followed where he led."

"And where did he lead you ?"

"Into Italy, where we gained victory after victory. Within the short space of thirteen days we took 15,000 prisoners, seventy pieces of cannon, and nine standards from the Austrians. We

could not sufficiently admire the energy and activity of our young general. For seven days he never took off his boots, nor slept, but when he could snatch a few moments to do so. With such an example before us we felt animated to brave all danger, and bear all fatigue."

"Was Napoleon tall?" asked Eugene.

"No, he was not; and at that time he was slight and pale; but with a very intellectual countenance, and an air of great decision and command. We feared his frown, and coveted his smile; and though amongst ourselves we gave him the title of 'The Little Corporal,' yet we never approached him without feeling the influence of his master mind. To avoid his displeasure and receive his approbation was our great aim, and as we knew how his eagle eye watched us in the fight, we fought valiantly. On one occasion, having had reason to be displeased with some of his regiments, he spoke to them in a stern voice thus:—'Soldiers, you have displeased me! you have shown neither courage nor constancy, but have yielded positions where a handful of men might have defied an army. You are no longer French soldiers. Let it be written *on their colours*—They no longer form part of

the army of Italy.' The sturdy soldiers could not refrain from tears at this severe rebuke, and there was a gloomy silence in the ranks. 'General, place us once more in the van,' they then cried with earnestness, 'and you shall judge whether we belong to the army of Italy.' The request was afterwards complied with, and no regiments more distinguished themselves than these."

"Was it not at that time the victory at Lodi was gained?" asked Alphonse.

"It was; and a short time after, we made an attack on the bridge of Arcola. But it was defended by a terrible artillery, and we were driven back. Napoleon, seeing the pass must be gained at any risk, seized a standard, and exclaiming, 'Are you then the victors of Lodi? follow your general!' amidst a shower of balls, planted it on the bridge. His officers dashed forwards, they half cleared the bridge, but a fresh body of Austrians arrived; the contest was dreadful, the firing incessant, and in the confusion Napoleon was pushed into the marsh, where he sank to the middle. A wild cry arose amongst us—'Forward! save the General!' Desperate and irresistible

was the rush then! Napoleon was rescued, the Austrians repulsed, and Arcole taken."

"I suppose you were all frightened when you saw your general sink into the marsh," observed little Theresa.

"I believe there was not one of us who would not have died to save him. One officer, galloping to protect him, received three wounds in his defence, and never left his side till the danger was over. Another, seeing a bomb about to explode, placed himself between it and the general, and thus saved his life at the expense of his own; and one and all seemed to consider his safety as the first object. Yes, the devotion of the soldiers to their brave leader was fully proved on that eventful day.

"In one of the battles fought at this time, an officer named Junot, who was a man of determined bravery, killed six of the enemy with his own hand, and then falling from his horse, covered with sabre wounds, was thrown into a ditch for dead. But he lived to fight many a battle after that.

"The way in which Junot first attracted the notice of the general, was this. During a skirmish *at the siege of Toulon*, a few years before, Napo-

leon, wishing to dictate some instructions, inquired if any one there could write. A soldier stepped forward from the ranks, and whilst writing down the orders the general gave as he surveyed the batteries with a telescope, a ball fell close by, and scattered the loose earth over the paper. '*Tant mieux!*' said the man, with careless gaiety, 'I shall not need sand.' The extreme composure of the remark struck Napoleon. He always rewarded bravery; and keeping his eye on Junot,—for it was he,—raised him from one step to another, till he at length became a marshal of France, and Duke of Abrantes."

"Why did Napoleon besiege Toulon?"

"Because it had revolted from the Republican government. It was at the siege of Toulon that Napoleon first exhibited his transcendent military talents; and by his skill, bravery, and decision on that occasion, that brilliantly successful career was commenced, which led to a fame and fortune unequalled in the annals of history."

"Had he not some difficulties to meet with from the generals there?" asked Louise.

"Yes; he went down as Commandant of the artillery, and when he arrived, the General-in-chief

said to him, 'We do not want your assistance, sir, but you may stay and share our glory.' This man was both ignorant and conceited, and had been brought up a painter. Napoleon saw at once there were no plans laid for the siege, and when he recommended that a certain promontory should be the point of attack, the general told him 'he knew nothing at all of the matter.'

" 'Well,' said Napoleon, 'write down *your* plans, then.' The general took a pen, and wrote as follows: — 'The Commandant of artillery shall batter Toulon for three days, at the end of which time, I will attack with three columns, and take the town.' "

"Capital!" said Alphonse, laughing, "what a clever fellow that general must have been! What could Napoleon do with such a man?"

"His plans for the siege were sent to Paris, and in consequence he was recalled.

"But the next who was appointed had been a physician, and liked to cure better than to kill. He was such a terrible coward, that the soldiers loudly complained. He was likewise recalled, and a brave old officer appointed in his place.

"*Though* Napoleon was then only four-and-

twenty, he displayed so much skill, and seemed to know so well what he was about, that the soldiers placed entire confidence in him. In any case of emergency or difficulty, the cry was sure to be heard, 'Run to the Commandant of artillery, he will tell us what we should do.' And when he was observed to be so simple in his habits, sleeping often in a cloak on the bare ground, and not disdain to share the labours of the common soldiers, while his zeal and activity were indefatigable, the young officer soon won the love and regard of many brave hearts."

"Can you tell us anything about him when he was a boy?" inquired Eugene.

"His favourite plaything, when a boy, was a small brass cannon. In his tenth year, he was sent to the military school at Brienne, where he distinguished himself by diligence in his studies, and by his ardent love for military life and adventure. Though too reserved and distant in his manners to be a favourite with his school-fellows, he possessed great influence over them, and was chosen their leader in all their games. These were always sieges, or mimic battles, or something relating to the art of war."

"Oh yes," observed Alphonse, "I have heard papa say that he used sometimes to head an army of imaginary Grecians, and gain a great victory over another army of supposed Persians; and that he had a little garden, where he amused himself in throwing up fortifications, and was much irritated if any of his companions presumed to invade it."

"True; and every year developed more of his military taste and genius. On one occasion, the snow being six or eight feet deep on the ground, the students were compelled to amuse themselves in the great hall for some days. Not liking this in-door recreation, Napoleon proposed that they should cut passages through the snow in the court yard, dig trenches, erect platforms and parapets, and form a siege. The boys were delighted with the plan, and immediately chose Napoleon as their leader. The snow was cleared, the students divided, a fort constructed, and the mimic siege commenced, and was carried on for fifteen days during play hours. But several of the youthful combatants having been hurt by the stones and gravel which got mixed with the snowballs, the heads of the school were obliged to interfere and *put an end to the diversion.*"

"He seemed to follow papa's advice to us, of being earnest in work, and earnest in play."

"He was so diligent, that before he was fifteen he was considered the first mathematician in the school, and he was passed to the military college at Paris when under the required age, on account of his application and abilities."

"I wonder if any one thought then he would become such an extraordinary man as he did," observed Louise.

"His great decision of tone and manner, his inflexibility of purpose, and vigour of intellect, began to be noticed. Many who knew him about this time, predicted that his career would not be a common one."

"Were you with him, Dumont, when he crossed the Alps in 1800? I think that was such a *wonderful* march!"

"Yes, sir, I was. Buonaparte was then first consul—a king all but in name. But that did not content him. He seemed to me to have boundless ambition; he was never satisfied; an insatiable desire of glory and of power ever urged him on to fresh conquests. I was not so wise then as I am now, Master Alphonse; I thought *then* all Napo-

leon did was right, and my heart beat high with enthusiasm and hope, when I heard he was to lead us across the Alps. And a wonderful march it was! Up those rugged, steep mountain passes, where the chamois hunter and the goatherd earn a subsistence, where the snow never melts, and all is wild, terrific, and sublime, Napoleon and his undaunted soldiers toiled their way. He had sent on an engineer to see if the route over the Great St. Bernard were practicable, and impatiently asked him his opinion. 'It is barely possible to pass,' was the reply. 'Enough,' said Napoleon, 'let us proceed.'

"The passage of this mountain occupied us four days. It was such an arduous undertaking that none, but with a mind like Napoleon's, would have attempted it. A single false step was certain death; the deep chasm on one side, and the mighty avalanche ready to overwhelm us on the other, were dangers enough to appal the stoutest heart. And the artillery, baggage, and ammunition waggons, had all to be conveyed over too. I cannot describe to you the labour it was to drag up even one piece of artillery. But the courage and constancy of the *soldiers* failed not. The presence of Napoleon

was enough for us, and a word or look from him would animate us to overcome every obstacle, and persevere through every danger. With *his* eye upon us, we performed wonders; I never knew what strength I had till then. He would sometimes walk by our side if he saw us much fatigued; and the few kind and cheering words he then said made us forget all our toil, and be ready to go any where and do anything for such a leader. The difficulties and perils were all surmounted; and once more our armies were sweeping like a resistless torrent over the fertile plains of Italy.’”

“It was certainly a wonderful passage across the Great St. Bernard,” said Louise, “but I think you must have brought great misery on beautiful Italy. I do not like such resistless torrents.”

“Ah! that is because you are a girl, dear Louise,” said Alphonse; “now I love to hear of brave and bold deeds like that march.”

“I love brave and bold deeds too, brother; but I do not like fighting. What good came from all Napoleon’s splendid victories? You know he was at last obliged to give up all that he had unjustly taken from other people.”

“Ay,” said Theresa:—

“ ‘ What good came of it at last ?
 Quoth little Peterkin ;
 ‘ Why, that I cannot tell,’ said he,
 ‘ But ’twas a famous victory.’ ”

Alphonse laughed. “ You see they are both against me, Dumont; but tell me, did not Napoleon gain the great victory at Marengo then, and make himself master of Italy ? ”

“ He did, sir; and in 1804 was proclaimed Emperor of the French.”

“ And then, I suppose, he had attained the height of his wishes ? ” said Eugene.

“ No; high as the dignity was, brilliant as his conquests had been, great as was his power, his ambition was not satisfied. But our joy was extreme to find our loved general had gained such an elevation; and as he reviewed his troops at Paris after his coronation, and placed in our hands the standards of the imperial eagles, instead of the tri-coloured flags of the Republic, one long enthusiastic shout burst from the ranks, of ‘ Vive l’Empereur ! ’ ”

“ There is one of Napoleon’s battles I want to ask you about, Dumont, because I never can remember with whom he fought it, and when *my uncle asked me* the other day, I could not tell him.

It is the battle of Austerlitz ;—but perhaps you are tired ?”

“ No, Master Eugene, it makes me feel quite young again to think of those days, when my spirits were high, and my heart full of hope. The plains of Austerlitz will long be remembered as the scene of a desperate conflict in which three Emperors were engaged. Napoleon fought against the Austrians and Russians, and completely defeated them. On the evening before the battle, as our Emperor rode through the lines, we earnestly implored him to give us a promise not to risk his person in the coming engagement.

“ ‘ I promise you,’ he replied, ‘ that I will remain with the reserve till you need us.’ ”

“ Shouts of ‘ Vive l’Empereur ! ’ rent the air as he rode on. We remembered the next day would be the anniversary of his coronation. ‘ It shall be kept in a style worthy of an Emperor ! ’ we exclaimed, one to another ; ‘ the anniversary at Austerlitz shall be a celebrated one ! ’ ”

“ It was so. On that day, the Austrians and Russians lost 15,000 men, 20,000 prisoners, and 200 pieces of cannon.

“ The sun rose in such glorious splendour on that

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eventful morning that ‘*the sun of Austerlitz*’ has passed into a proverb :—the evening found Napoleon the victor,—riding over the battle-field to discover the wounded, and direct every possible attention to be paid to the sufferers. I was myself lying helpless from a sabre wound, when the Emperor passed within a few yards of me. ‘There is a poor fellow will bleed to death, if he is not instantly attended to; where is the surgeon?’ The sound of his well-known voice revived me; ‘Vive l’Empereur!’ I exclaimed, ‘we kept the day, Sire!’ and then I fainted.”

“It must have been a fearful sight to pass over that field of battle that night,” said Louise; “I wonder if Napoleon blamed himself at all when he saw around him so many thousands of dead and dying men. He must at least have felt sorry when he knew that his love of power had been the cause of such frightful carnage.”

“He did not often say what he felt, Miss Louise; it was enough for us to know that he felt compassion for our sufferings, and did what he could to mitigate them. This, and the joy of having gained the victory, lessened our pains. Ah! *Master Alphonse*, I never thought much of the

horrors of war till the Russian campaign. Then, I saw enough to make my heart sink."

"Pray tell us about the Russian campaign, good Dumont; what was there so dreadful in it?"

"You shall hear, sir. At the head of an army of 400,000 men, the Emperor Napoleon declared war against Russia, and crossed the Niemen. This was in June, 1812. The entrance of that immense army into the Russian dominions was a magnificent spectacle;—ah! what a contrast to its departure. The splendid array of 80,000 cavalry with their streaming banners and glittering eagles—the clash of arms—the martial music—the exulting looks of the soldiers, confident of victory, for defeat never once entered our minds—the presence of a leader whom we were ready to follow, wherever he pointed the way—one who observed everything, and superintended everything, from the minutest comforts of the private soldiers, to the mighty movements of his overwhelming force—several thousands of provision waggons—innumerable herds of oxen—1362 pieces of cannon, and many thousands of artillery and hospital waggons and carts—formed altogether a grand and striking scene!"

“ I believe it,” said Alphonse ;—

“ ‘ To hero boune for battle strife,
Or bard of martial lay,
’Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,
One glance at their array.’ ”

Old Dumont smiled, and shook his head mournfully. “ Ah, sir, wait till you see the other side of the picture. We penetrated into the heart of Russia, but it was a weary and difficult march. The Russians attacked us, provisions failed, and the inhabitants, to prevent our obtaining food or shelter, burned the villages on our approach. Scenes of misery met our view on every side. The Emperor encouraged us. ‘ We will advance upon Moscow,’ he said, ‘ take possession of the city, and there dictate terms of peace to the Czar.’

“ We marched on, hoping that in Moscow we should find rest and food ; but thousands died before we reached that city. A very fierce battle took place at Borodino, and soon after, we caught a first glimpse of the famous city, termed by native poets ‘ Moscow with the golden cupolas.’ The picture was an enchanting one ! There, in the midst of a fertile plain, rose a thousand towers and steeples crowned with golden balls—a thousand domes flashing and blazing in the light of the sun.

“As we gazed on the spectacle, the cry of Moscow! Moscow!’ rolled along our ranks, and we anticipated the time when we should proudly say to the youth of a succeeding generation, ‘I was also in the army of Moscow.’

“We entered the city, but found it almost deserted. The Russians had left it by hundreds and thousands, and in two days forced us to leave it also. Resolved to deprive us of food and shelter, they set fire to their wealthy and magnificent city! Yes! for six days the blazing palaces and falling houses of that ancient capital proclaimed the hatred of the Russians to their invaders.”

“To burn their own city! what determined men! How disappointed Napoleon must have been!”

“He was; and astonished likewise. And it was a bitter disappointment to us, that after such a terrible march, we were, on reaching Moscow, unable to obtain the food we so much needed.”

“Did you love Napoleon still, after he had dragged you so many thousand miles to no purpose?” asked little Theresa.

“Yes; our miseries were great, but we did not blame him. I remember, on our march to Moscow,

some of our horsemen, in crossing a swollen and rapid river, were carried away by the stream and drowned. Napoleon stood on the bank and watched them with deep emotion, as they struggled for their lives in vain! Their efforts were useless, and turning their last looks on their beloved general, they exclaimed, as they were sinking into their watery graves, 'Vive l'Empereur!'"

"He certainly had great influence over his soldiers," said Alphonse; "perhaps it was because he was such a victorious general."

"That was one reason, sir. We thought we could never suffer defeat when *he* led us on. We knew he would reward us if we did well, and punish us if we did not do our duty, and we strove hard for his approbation."

"Which of his generals did he make Prince of Moskwa?"

"Marshal Ney, for his conspicuous skill and courage in the battle of Borodino. He it was to whom Napoleon gave the honourable title of 'Bravest of the brave.' But I was telling you about Moscow. The emperor looked from the palace of the Kremlin on melancholy traces of former grandeur. And when he rode out, he saw

what still more disheartened him. Officers and soldiers, sitting on easy chairs and gilded couches, covered with rich silk, their feet resting on Siberian furs, or Cashmere shawls, eating from gold and silver dishes steaks of horse-flesh ! Riches were plentiful, but not food ; and of what use were riches in an enemy's country, where no provisions could be purchased ? And then, the winter—a Russian winter—was coming on ! So a month after we had entered Moscow, Napoleon gave orders for us to retrace our steps. On the 22d of October began that *dreadful* march—a march never to be forgotten ! I cannot attempt to describe its horrors. Though so many years have passed away since then, the frightful miseries I witnessed haunt me still, and the sufferings I endured will end only with my life.”

“ What made it so very dreadful ? ” asked Eugene.

“ The length of the way, the scarcity of food, the intense cold, and the pursuing Russians. The Emperor Alexander, who would listen to no terms of peace whilst we remained in his dominions, sent a large army after us, and several engagements took place. Retreat was, till then, a word almost

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unknown to us, and as we turned our backs on the enemy we had made so sure of conquering, our spirits were sad and gloomy. As we re-crossed the fields of Borodino, our horror was inexpressible on seeing the bodies of the 40,000 men who had fallen there, fifty-two days before, yet lying unburied. The scene was frightful! In our march across the plain, I thought I heard a feeble cry for help. I and my comrades approached the spot, and to our astonishment saw a French soldier stretched on the ground, with both his legs broken. 'I was wounded,' he said, 'on the day of the great battle. I fainted from the agony I endured, and on recovering my senses, I found myself in a desolate place, where no one could hear my cries or afford me relief. For fifty-two days I have every morning dragged myself to the brink of a rivulet, where I fed on the grass and roots and some morsels of bread I found amongst the dead bodies. At night I laid myself down under the shelter of some dead horses. To-day, I saw you at a distance, and summoning all my strength crawled as near as I could to you, and when I could get no further I called aloud for help. But I was beginning to *fear* you would pass me by.'

“Oh poor man! what suffering he must have endured! What did you do with him?”

“We placed him on a carriage and took him with us. As we continued our painful march, we set on fire every village and town through which we passed, to prevent its affording a shelter to our pursuers; for the Cossacks ever hung upon our rear, cutting off the stragglers by hundreds. Almost starved and worn out with fatigue, we continued our route, when suddenly the dreaded winter set in. All we had endured before seemed nothing to our sufferings now! As the natives of sunny France, we had formed no idea of a Russian winter; now we felt it in all its horrors! Men and horses fell down dead in numbers! The limbs became benumbed and powerless; the muskets fell from our frozen fingers; one dropped after another, and in a few minutes would be covered with thick snow. On looking back, the road with these white hillocks appeared like a churchyard on a snowy day. We dared not stop to assist any poor comrade who fell, but pushed on as well as we could, through the drifting snow. Soldiers left their ranks, officers their companies; and all wandered on, caring for nothing, and thinking of nothing but

self. The knowledge that if we lingered, we should be killed by the remorseless Cossacks, urged on our staggering steps. At night, we had no place of shelter, but we eagerly kindled a fire and devoured our steaks of horse-flesh,—we had no other food. Hundreds, faint and weary, sitting down by those fires soon slept the sleep of death. And day after day, and night after night, this continued. Our strength was so exhausted, that artillery, baggage, ammunition, all the rich spoils of Moscow, and even Napoleon's own carriage, were left behind on the road. Our only thought was, to get out of Russia,—our only hope, that we might not find a grave there."

"Oh! it is very terrible!" sighed little Theresa.

"Ah, Miss Theresa, there were little children no older than you, who bore the perils of that march! Some of our countrywomen who had formerly lived in Moscow, fearing the anger of the Russians, determined to accompany us to France, and brought their children with them. And to give you an idea of our condition, I will tell you what happened at Smolensk. I saw a mother abandon her little son, only five years old. In *spite of his cries and tears*, she had driven him away

from her sledge, which was too heavily laden. 'Oh, mother! mother! do not leave me!' said the poor little boy. 'I shall die without you, mother! oh! take me with you!' But the mother heeded not the cries of her child. Looking at us with a distracted air, she exclaimed, '*He* has never seen France—he will not regret it; for me, I have seen it, and I will see it again—it is my country.' Twice did the brave Ney himself replace the hapless child in the arms of his mother—twice did she cast him off. He was then entrusted to the care of another woman, who tenderly guarded and fed him, and the little fellow survived all the horrors of the retreat."

"Oh, I am so glad!" said Theresa; "was he a nice little boy?"

"He was; a fine good-humoured, brave, patient child, and a great favourite with us all. We took him under our especial protection, and in the midst of our own sufferings and starvation, always contrived that our little adopted one, the orphan of Smolensk, should have his share of food. He is living in France at this time, whilst his unnatural parent found a Russian grave.

"But that was a solitary case of crime. A thou-

sand instances of the most sublime and devoted tenderness were witnessed in that march of misery.

“On the 25th of November, we arrived at the river Beresina, which we had to cross. From this day, our calamities increased tenfold. We found the Russians ready to dispute the passage with us; and fearing the result of the conflict, the Emperor ordered all the eagles of his regiments to be burnt, lest they should fall into the hands of the enemy. Two wooden bridges were then constructed, and some of our troops, with Napoleon, passed over. A heavy snow was falling, the weather was bitterly cold, and the Russian bullets and cannon-balls were doing their murderous work. In the wildest confusion, the crowd rushed across the bridges to escape the enemy,—men, women, children, horses, baggage, all struggling to be first. One of the bridges broke down! hundreds were crushed or trampled to death, and thousands drowned. I saw a child struggling in the water, trying, with all its little strength, to reach the bank. I never could bear to see a child suffer; I had been thrown into the river myself by the breaking of the bridge; but I could swim, and I saved the life of the poor *little boy*. Great was my surprise and joy to find

it was the orphan of Smolensk whom I had rescued from a watery grave. I wrapped him up as well as I could, and placed him on a waggon with the women who had escaped the perils of that day. The crossing of the Beresina occupied three days; and three days of such carnage, misery, and despair, have, perhaps, never been equalled! On the third day, it became necessary to burn the other bridge, to keep the Russians from following us, and then thousands of our own people had not crossed over.

"It is said, that 36,000 men perished on that fearful occasion!"

"Oh, Dumont," said Alphonse, "if such scenes as those take place in a soldier's life, I have no wish to be a soldier. How did you get on after that fatal passage?"

"All order and discipline were lost after that. Hopeless despondency seemed to take possession of every heart, and frozen tears of despair were seen on many a brave man's cheek. On the 4th of December, Napoleon, who would not leave us before, set out on a sledge for Paris, appointing General Murat to conduct us home. We moved on, but every step we took was painful. Our

muscles were rigid, and our fingers frost-bitten from the intense cold. Numbers fell to rise no more; and had it not been for the kindness of a comrade, I should have fallen too. The sufferings I then endured have made me for life a helpless invalid. But I will end my sad story. On the 13th of December, we re-crossed the Niemen. The magnificent army of 400,000 men, which was to have subdued Russia, was now reduced to a mere wreck. Covered with rags, with sunken eyes, emaciated frames, and despairing looks, what a contrast did we present to our appearance six months before! Three hundred and fifty thousand Frenchmen perished in that disastrous campaign!

“Disastrous indeed!” said Alphonse. “I shall never more wish to be a soldier, unless it be in defence of my country.”

“Ay, think of the grief that was endured, the hearts that were broken, the tears that were shed, the homes that were made desolate, by that single campaign! And France did not suffer alone. Many thousands of Russians were killed; their towns and villages burnt and destroyed; and their *country* for miles a frightful scene of desolation.

Years elapsed, before they recovered from the effects of our invasion."

"And all this misery was the work of ONE MAN!" said Louise thoughtfully. "He must sometimes have thought, when in his island prison, of the desolation he had caused. Oh! dear Alphonse, I hope we shall live to be blessings to our fellow-creatures."

"Ay, that is what we are sent into the world for, Miss Louise," said the old soldier, "and young and old, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, should ever bear it in mind. With this end in view, we should be happy ourselves, and make others happy. I often ask myself, What did all the Emperor's fighting do for him? His ambition, which nothing could satisfy, brought on him a fearful punishment;—terrible indeed, to a man of his disposition! My beloved Emperor! how gladly would I have accompanied him, and served him in his mournful captivity! He was always a good master to me, though to others he may have been a scourge."

The children wondered to hear the invalid soldier thus speak of one who had been the cause of his present sufferings; but they remembered how

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many years he had fought under Napoleon's banners, and could not but admire his faithful affection to his general.

"Come, Dumont, come home with us," said Alphonse, "and you shall have your supper. I am sure you must be tired."

The old soldier accepted the invitation of his young listeners, and leaning on his crutches, accompanied them to the castle. They were not very talkative, as they walked slowly over the green meadow;—Alphonse was thinking over what he had heard; Louise was considering how she could be a blessing to her fellow-creatures, and resolved to ask her mamma's advice on the subject; Eugene was contrasting his situation with that of poor old Dumont, and wondering how *he* could have borne the starvation, cold, and fatigue, of the soldiers in the retreat from Russia; and little Theresa felt glad she had a kind mamma to take care of her, and teach her to be good. She looked up at the birds soaring above her in the blue sky, and said in a low tone—

"Oh, may we without delay, like you,
The path of duty and right pursue."

And so the little party reached their home.

Napoleon Buonaparte, my dear children, was a man guided by ambition and a love of glory—not by religion and a love of goodness; and “*better is a little with righteousness, than great revenues without right.*”



THE ESCAPE.

AMONGST the many who suffered from the selfish ambition of Napoleon Buonaparte, were three officers who had faithfully served him. When he fell, they fell; his ruin was theirs;—and thus the man who had been the destroyer of thousands, and a scourge to Europe, involved even his friends in his own destruction. They had fought for him, and bled for him, and toiled for him,—they had gained him victories, and helped to place him on his usurped throne, and now they were to die for him. Such is the guilt, the selfishness of ambition!

I have told you of the sufferings to which some of his old soldiers were reduced, after their faithful services; I will now tell you of the fate of three of his most esteemed friends.





Their names were Marshal Ney, General Labedoyere, and Count Lavallette.

On the escape of Napoleon from Elba, the two first, who had sworn allegiance to Louis the Eighteenth, broke their faith, and returned to their old master. Labedoyere, who had the command in Grenoble during Napoleon's rapid march to Paris, went out at the head of his troops, and instead of *opposing*, welcomed the Emperor, with loud acclamations, once more displayed the imperial eagles, and vowed to support his cause.

Ney was received with open arms by Napoleon, and hailed by his undisputed title of "Bravest of the Brave." He thought not of the Bourbons, or the allegiance he had sworn; his only thought was how to serve his former master, and in his cause he had five horses killed under him at Waterloo.

When Napoleon was exiled to St. Helena, and Louis the Eighteenth sat on his rightful throne again, Ney and Labedoyere were tried, condemned, and shot. Much sympathy was felt for them, notwithstanding their undoubted treachery to their King.

Lavallette, who had been one of Napoleon's earliest and most intimate friends, and had married

a niece of the Empress Josephine, had, on the approach of Buonaparte, resumed his office as post-master general, suppressed some proclamations of King Louis, and circulated the news of the escape from Elba. He was likewise arrested and thrown into prison.

In this gloomy abode he was seated one day, lost in melancholy thoughts, when the door opened, and an interesting looking girl about thirteen years old, springing forwards, threw herself on his neck in a flood of tears. "My father! my dear father!" was all she could say, her agitation was so great.

"My child! my Josephine!" exclaimed the Count with surprise and pleasure in his countenance, as he affectionately embraced her, "so you have come to see me, though I said you must not!"

"Oh! papa, we could not bear it any longer," replied the weeping child. "You seem to have been away from us for *years*, not months; and when I found that you desired me not to come, because you feared that the sight of a prison would make me sorrowful—more sorrowful still than I am already—I could not stay away, and mamma gave *her* consent that I should visit you. Oh! if you

only knew how desolate home is without you, my own dear father!"

"My only child, I cannot bear to see you weep thus," said Lavallette, as the tears started into his own eyes; "cheer up, Josephine, ere long I trust to be with you again; tell me, how is your dear mother?"

"I think she seems a little better, papa; she desired me to say that her love for you enables her to obey your command of her not visiting the prison, till she has somewhat recovered from her illness, but that her heart is ever with you."

"Ah! hers is no selfish love! my sweet wife! she knows how it would grieve me to see her suffer, as she surely would from a visit to this gloomy place, and she nobly, unselfishly, foregoes her own earnest desire to see me, lest I should be pained. Imitate your mother's virtues, my child, for she is a woman whose equal I have never met."

"When do you think your trial will come on, papa?"

"I cannot say, but I hope soon. They will acquit me, in all probability; or sentence me to an imprisonment of a few years, so that I can still

watch over you, and occasionally see you. Tell your dear mother so, and add, that a few years will soon pass away, when we shall all be happy again."

"Ah, papa, if it had not been for the Emperor, we might all have been happy now. If he had only remained quiet in Elba!"

"Fie, my child, remember you are named after the Empress Josephine, and the Emperor was my friend for years."

"But he sent away his good wife, Josephine, papa; and I cannot help thinking it would have been better if he had *not* been your friend. It would have been well too for the brave Ney, and the gallant Labedoyere, if they had never seen Napoleon; would it not, dear papa?"

"My dear child, Napoleon was our master, and in his fall we have fallen too. We felt grateful to him for what he had done for us, and therefore welcomed him on his return. Think of *his* situation, Josephine! The conqueror of half the continent condemned for life to an island which is but a speck on the ocean! My own misfortunes seem to sink into insignificance when compared with the *overwhelming* reverses of the exile of St. Helena!"

"It must be a terrible change to him, indeed. I do pity him, papa; but I think this a very dreary place for you; and what a gloomy window! Oh, my dear father, I cannot bear you to be shut up here!"

"Josephine," said Count Lavallette, in a calm tone, as he turned to his weeping daughter, "into that gloomy court looked the windows of the prison of the unfortunate Queen Marie Antoinette! In this dismal Conciergerie did she pass many a weary hour, mourning for her husband and her children. I cannot complain of my privations, when I think on that hapless Queen!"

"Ah no, dear papa, and I will not be complaining," said the poor little girl, drying her eyes. "I will try to be a comfort to you, and imitate her patience and resignation. I will, indeed; and I will try to hope we shall soon have you at home again."

"That is a good girl. Remember you are a soldier's daughter, Josephine, and must be brave hearted. Think of the far greater sorrows of Marie Antoinette, and you will be better able to bear your own. And now, farewell, my beloved child; give this letter to your dear mother, and

be a comfort to her. We shall all meet ere long in happiness again."

Josephine, tenderly kissing her father, departed, but the tears would flow in spite of her efforts to repress them. She however managed to meet her mother with a calm and even cheerful countenance, and gave her as encouraging an account as she could of her interview with her father. And Madame Lavallette was comforted, and began to hope for the best.

Some weeks passed away, when at last the day was fixed for the trial of Count Lavallette. It was to take place in November. Since July he had been a prisoner, and you may imagine with what anxiety he looked forward to the day which was to decide his fate—a day which was to restore him to his happy home and the society of his beloved wife and child, or to sentence him to a still longer captivity.

"The utmost they can do," said he, as he thoughtfully paced up and down his gloomy cell, the evening before the trial, "will be to doom me to five years' imprisonment; and that I should not mind, but for the sake of my wife. Poor Emilie! *I dread the effect on her delicate frame, if I do not*

receive an acquittal. What would become of her and Josephine! I must not think of it. I will hope that by this time to-morrow I may be free, and with them."

The morrow came, and the trial commenced. It excited great interest, and continued for two days.

Towards the close of the second day, the hopes of Count Lavallette and his friends were raised, for things seemed to be taking a favourable turn. At six in the evening the jury retired to consider their verdict, and during their deliberations, the prisoner was removed to his cell. It was an anxious time for him! At one moment he felt as if hope were gone, and the next he thought they *must* acquit him.

"I am innocent of any conspiracy to bring back the Emperor," he said, to a young friend who accompanied him during those moments of suspense, "though I did rejoice at his escape, and circulate the news. They must acquit me, so let us have a game of chess to pass the time."

The game was played, but as the hours rolled on, the Count's young friend, in a torment of suspense, could remain there no longer. His firmness gave way, and he took leave in a flood of tears.

For two hours, which seemed interminable, Lavallette was alone. At length, at midnight, he was summoned back to hear his sentence. The verdict had been read during his absence, and he perceived, at a glance, as he entered the large hall, what that verdict was. An ominous silence reigned, and in many a countenance might be read the doom of the prisoner. The unfortunate Count was found guilty, and condemned to suffer death by the guillotine !

Poor Lavallette ! it was a terrible blow for him ; the more so, from being unexpected. He had often faced death on the field of battle, and smiled as the bullets were raining around him ; but now—the thought was horrible ! As he returned to his cell, the turnkey met him with an inquiring glance. “ It is all up with me ! ” said the unfortunate captive ; and the man recoiled as if he had been shot. “ Death by the guillotine is to be my fate ! ”

All that night the awful words, “ Guilty of death,” rung in the Count’s ears ; and early the next morning his first care was how to break the *news* to his poor wife and his little Josephine. *For this purpose* he wrote to two ladies of rank,

friends of Madame Lavallette, who immediately hastened to her, in deep mourning dresses, that the sad news, which would soon be all over Paris, might not suddenly reach her ears. The shock, however, kindly broken as it was, proved a terrible one to the affectionate wife. She had married Lavallette when she was very young, and tenderly loved him. Napoleon himself had brought about the marriage, introducing the young officer to her when she was a girl at school. In his usual imperious and decided manner, Buonaparte had insisted that the match would be a happy one, and that it must be made. It did prove a very happy one; and neither had cause for one moment ever to regret the decision which Napoleon had made for them.

And now, after many years of happiness, Madame Lavallette received the overwhelming intelligence of her husband's condemnation. It nearly crushed her. Her affectionate husband, the father of her Josephine, was to die by the dreadful guillotine!

But hers was no ordinary character—hers was no selfish love. After the first anguish was over, she roused herself from the despair into which she

had fallen, and summoning all her energy, all her fortitude, she determined, with a noble resolution, inspired by her true and deep affection, to leave no means untried to save the life of her beloved husband!

And with a truly heroic spirit she commenced and went through her labour of love. Delicate and feeble in frame, and not yet recovered from her illness, she was strong in the love she bore him, and is another instance of what a woman's resolution and energy will perform when urged on by a woman's tenderness and sense of duty!

The first thing which Madame Lavallette did, in furtherance of her object, was to write to a nobleman at court, soliciting an interview with the king. Contrary to all expectation, this was granted; for the wives of Ney and Labedoyere had been refused an audience. With a fluttering heart, the anxious wife repaired to the palace, and was conducted by the nobleman through the crowd of courtiers to the king's closet. As she knelt before Louis the Eighteenth, unable for the moment to utter a word, he said to her,

"Madame, I have at once received you, to give *you a proof of my deep interest.*"

The words were few, but how they raised the hopes and cheered the heart of poor Madame Lavallette! They were heard by others also; and as she passed again through the ante-room, attracting all eyes by her grief, her beauty, and the graceful dignity of her demeanour, no one doubted that a pardon would be granted.

But it was not so. The hopes which had been built upon this audience with the king all fell to the ground!

The next day, Madame Lavallette visited her husband in prison. The meeting was a very affecting one. The Count was extremely shocked to witness the change which four months of anxiety and grief had wrought in her; she was very pale, thin, and dejected. And the poor wife, quite overcome, threw herself on her husband's neck, and was unable for a whole hour to utter a single word. She then strove to comfort him, and give him hopes from the clemency of the king.

And feeling that on that clemency all now depended, she went again to the throne to implore mercy. It was in vain! She was repulsed; and not one in that gay crowd venturing to bestow on her a sign of recognition or a glance of com-

passion, she returned, worn out in body and mind, to her husband's dungeon.

"There is no more hope for us in man, my love, we must trust in God," she said, as she looked in his face with calm resignation. "He is merciful; and He will yet bless my efforts to save a life far, far dearer to me than my own."

"My dearest Emilie, you have done your utmost; far beyond what your strength could bear," replied the Count. "Nothing now remains but for me to meet death with fortitude."

"Yes," said Madame Lavallette rising, after a silence of a few moments, during which she appeared to be lost in thought; "yes, something yet remains to be done. Farewell, my dear love; I go to our child, our Josephine."

They parted; but there was an expression in his wife's countenance, as he bade her a tender adieu, which Lavallette could not understand. Her eye was bright, and her look denoted hope and determination.

"Poor Emilie!" he sighed, as the door closed after her, and he was left in solitude, "I fear these exciting scenes will be too much for her. *Well, it will all be over soon; she will have Jose-*

phine, my good little Josephine, to comfort her when I am gone. A few hours more are all that remain to me."

The hours of Count Lavallette seemed to be numbered. On the evening before the last day which he expected to spend on earth, his wife came to dine with him. She appeared agitated, but not in despair.

"My love," she said, when they were alone together, "I am going to propose a plan, to which you must consent. It is my last hope. You must escape from prison this very night."

Astonishment kept her husband silent.

"You must," she continued, "dress in my clothes, and go in my sedan to such a street; there a cabriolet will be in waiting to conduct you to a retreat where you may remain in safety till you can quit the country."

"My dear wife," replied the Count in amazement, "the plan is impossible! it is nothing but madness to think of it for an instant."

"No objections," she said; "I can hear none: Your death will be mine, so do not reject my proposal. I am sure it will succeed, for I feel that God supports me."

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said, "should she be disappointed, how doubly bitter will the blow be."

"I am come, as usual, to dine with you," said Madame Lavallette; "keep up your courage, for we shall need it all, my love. As for myself, I feel I have just strength left for four-and-twenty hours, and not one moment longer; I am so thoroughly worn out. I have again appealed to the King and his ministers—in vain! My hope is in God alone."

"But Josephine?"

"She is a good girl, and will help us; we shall do better with her, and she will do as I desire. Now see, I have put on this merino pelisse over my dress for you, and have brought in my bag a black silk petticoat. This will disguise you. I should like you to have put on a veil, but unfortunately I am not in the habit of wearing one. Be sure to put your handkerchief to your face as you go out; walk slowly, leaning on Josephine, and mind especially, to stoop at these low doors, for if you break the feathers in your bonnet, all would be lost. The turnkey always hands me into my *chair*; that will be drawn up close to the staircase. *A friend will soon meet you with the cabriolet.*

Oh! be sure, mind my directions, and keep calm. God guide and protect you, my dearest husband."

The dinner seemed as if it would never be over. They could not eat, they could scarcely speak, and as the time drew on, Count Lavallette felt more reluctance than ever to leave his heroic and affectionate wife in the jail from which he was attempting to escape. But he had given his word to raise no objection, and he did not.

After dinner Madame Lavallette called Josephine. "Now, my dear child, listen to what I say. You are going to assist your father to escape from this dreadful prison, and a still more dreadful death. Walk behind him through the narrow doors, but when you come to the outer hall, take care to walk on his *left* side, because then the turnkey, who always comes on that side, cannot hand him out. When you are beyond the grating, and going up the outer stair, then go to his *right* hand, as then you will be between him and the guards. Do you understand, my love?"

"Yes, mamma," said Josephine; "I will do as you desire, but I feel very anxious."

"Don't be faint-hearted, my child; much depends on you."

There happened to be a large screen in the apartment, and behind this Madame Lavallette retired with her husband, and dressed him so well and quickly, that when, in three minutes, they appeared again, Josephine was astonished. "Well, my dear, what do you think of your papa?" said her mother.

"That cannot be papa!" replied Josephine, with an incredulous smile.

"Do you think the disguise complete then?" asked Madame Lavallette, as he walked across the room.

"I *hope* it may be, dear mamma," said the poor trembling child, but the starting tears and dejected tone betrayed the fears she entertained as to the result.

The anxious moment arrived; the jailer's step was heard.

"Now then, farewell," said the devoted wife; "we shall, I trust, ere long meet in safety. Mind to stoop your head at the doors, and be sure to walk slowly."

She had no time to say more, for the jailer entered. The Count walked out, and his child *followed him*. You may be sure he did not forget

to stoop his head, though he said "it was no easy matter to do it, while he went up a step at the same time." He found himself then in the presence of five jailers, all seated by the wall, and staring at him, but he held his handkerchief to his face. Josephine ought now to have come to his left hand, but the poor little girl was so flurried by the sight of so many jailers, that she went to the right, thus leaving the turnkey at liberty to hand her papa out. The man looked compassionately at the supposed lady, and laying his hand on her arm, said, "You leave early to-night, madame." He little thought who he was assisting out!

They then came to a great iron door, or rather two doors, where a watchful jailer always sat. He looked at Lavalette, but did not open the doors. Josephine felt extremely frightened, but her papa put his hand through the bars to hurry him. The man turned his two keys in the locks, and they were out. Josephine then went to the right hand, as she had been told to do. They went on, walking very slowly, scarcely daring to breathe, and not knowing but the escape had been already discovered. At the foot of the outer stairs, twenty soldiers, with an officer at their head, stood within

three steps of them, to see Madame Lavallette pass! Little Josephine behaved very well; she did not drag her papa on, or whisper "make haste;" but feeling that much depended on her own presence of mind, she endeavoured to be calm and composed. Had the jailers observed any unusual agitation in her manner, it is most likely her papa would have been discovered. They passed the soldiers, and reached the top of the stairs where the chair stood. The Count was about to step into it, when to his dismay he could see no bearers! The servant was not there either, and the only person visible was a fierce sentinel, with his loaded musket, within six feet of them! The Count thought all was over now: he dared not speak, and Josephine could not, from agitation. In this state of intense anxiety they stood for about two minutes, which seemed to them two hours; at length the valet came, and whispering to his master, "One of the bearers failed me, but I have found another," they entered the chair, and went down two or three streets. How glad they were to be fairly out of the prison!

When they had proceeded a short distance, the *chair stopped*, and a friend put the Count into a

cabriolet, which was waiting for him. It set off at a rapid pace, and Lavallette just caught a glimpse of his good little daughter, as she stood with her hands clasped, offering up her fervent prayers to God for his safety. She then got into the chair, but it was soon stopped by the soldiers searching for her father. His escape was discovered! the men, however, finding only Josephine, allowed the chair to proceed.

In the mean time, as the cabriolet drove rapidly along the streets of Paris, Lavallette took off his female dress, and put on a livery. He then turned to look at his coachman, who was driving with such right good will. To his astonishment he recognised in him a young nobleman, a friend of his, whom he never expected to see acting as his coachman. "What! is that you?" he asked, in unfeigned surprise. "Yes, and here are four loaded pistols too," replied his friend; "it will be well if we are not stopped,—for both parties."

After a long drive the carriage drew up, another friend joined Count Lavallette, as they had agreed upon, and taking leave of his good-natured coachman, he followed his new master as a servant.

It was a very dark night, the rain fell in torrents, and they met several soldiers at full gallop.

looking for Count Lavallette ! It was fortunate for him that he had changed his disguise.

After an hour's walking—during which his friendly guide's pace was so rapid that Lavallette could scarcely keep up with him, and lost one of his shoes in the mud—they arrived at a stately mansion ; and to the Count's utter amazement, he saw it was the residence of the minister for foreign affairs, the Duke de Richelieu, at whose door they knocked ! He grew dizzy—perhaps the thought entered his head that his friend was about to betray him ! They entered ; and the Count was immediately taken up a staircase and admitted into a room, where he found rest and shelter for some weeks.

You may think it strange that he should find safety in such a place ; but the case was this :—A gentleman of the name of Bresson lived also in this hotel, and as he and his wife had once met with kindness under similar circumstances, they made a vow to repay that kindness to any one who should need it. They kept their promise well. Every comfort which the fugitive Count could *need* he was supplied with, and though his shutters *were kept closed* all day, he had wax-lights, and *plenty of books* to enliven his solitude. At night,

when he opened his windows for air, he heard the criers threatening, in the name of the king, the severest penalties and punishments to any who should dare to conceal the Count Lavallette. But while he rejoiced in his escape so far, his thoughts constantly reverted to his faithful wife and dear child.

"Oh," said Madame de Bresson, "they are safe. Your wife's heroic conduct is extolled to the skies; her name at the public amusements is received with the most rapturous applause, and all Paris rejoices in your escape."

Lavallette's countenance brightened at this mention of his beloved Emelie—he knew what *she* must feel; but he merely replied, "Ah! madame, I am not safe yet."

Nor was he. As soon as his escape was known, the widest and strictest search was made for him. The houses of his friends were entered, gendarmes galloped about in all directions, seeking the lost captive; every supposed hiding-place was visited, and every suspicious-looking person seized. The police were astonished to find their efforts useless; they never for a moment thought of searching the hotel of the Duke de Richelieu; nor did the Duke for a moment suspect that *his* roof harboured the fugitive.

After a few weeks, the friends of Lavallette resolved to try to get him out of France. The attempt was hazardous, for the police were all on the alert, and the barriers of Paris were closed, to intercept a flight to the country. No one could pass without examination and a passport.

But with the assistance of two English gentlemen, Count Lavallette got through these formidable barriers, and eventually reached a place of safety.

Their names were Sir Robert Wilson, and Captain Hutchinson. Having been heard to express their sorrow at the death of the brave Ney, they were asked if they would assist in the escape of Lavallette. They consented; and it was agreed that he should wear the uniform of a British officer, and take the name of General Losack.

The joy of Count Lavallette was very great when he heard the passports were signed, the uniform ready, and all in preparation for their leaving Paris the following morning. He took a grateful farewell of his kind friends, and when it was dark, repaired to Captain Hutchinson's lodgings. Here he found that in the very same house with him was *the judge* who had presided at his trial!

You may believe he did not sleep much that

night. At six he rose, and at half-past seven set off in a cabriolet with General Sir Robert Wilson, who was in full uniform, Captain Hutchinson riding by their side, to make it appear like a party of pleasure. The people were all in the streets, for it was a fine morning, and the soldiers and officers they met stared well at them all. But Sir Robert talked very loud in English, and General Losack took care to sit well back in the cabriolet, while the white feather in his regimental hat served to divert attention from the wearer. He was not sorry when they had passed the barriers and were out of Paris.

They purposed going to Mons. On the road thither, they had several frights and some delays; but Captain Hutchinson's presence of mind proved of great service, and the words "English carriage" and "English general" produced their effect in hurrying the innkeepers. Post horses were speedily procured, and the journey rapidly performed.

At Cambray they had to stay three hours before the gates were opened; and at Valenciennes they were examined three times, and their passports carried to the Commandant. A long time passed; and poor Lavallette thought that after all he was discovered! But, fortunately for

him, it was a very cold winter's morning, and not yet light, and the Commandant, instead of coming to look at the travellers, signed their passports in bed.

"And soon after," says Lavallette in his memoirs, "we were bowling joyously along the firm road to Mons. Now I would peep out of the little back window to see if we were pursued; and then I would fix my longing eyes on a large building pointed out to me as the first Belgian custom-house, which, drive as we would, never seemed to me to get any nearer. At length we gained it;—I was out of the French territory, and saved! Seizing hold of the general's hands, I poured forth, deeply moved, the whole extent of my gratitude, while he only answered me by a quiet smile."

They parted: Count Lavallette proceeded to Bavaria, where he remained for six years, and then was permitted to return to France; but Sir Robert Wilson and Captain Hutchinson were apprehended for their share in his escape, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment.

And now I must return to poor Madame Lavallette. No sooner had her husband passed through *the gates of his prison*, than the jailer peeped into *his room as usual*, to see if the prisoner were safe,

and hearing some one behind the screen, went out satisfied. In five minutes he returned, and still seeing no one, thought he would just push aside a leaf of the screen, which he did, and beheld Madame Lavallette! With a loud cry he rushed to the door, but she flew to prevent his giving the alarm, and held him so fast, that he left part of his coat in her hands. "You have ruined me, madame!" he exclaimed in a rage, and shouting out, "The prisoner has escaped! the prisoner has escaped!" he ran, tearing his hair like a frantic man, to the officer of police. Every search was made, but all in vain; and then the disappointed jailers revenged themselves on Madame Lavallette, by treating her with great severity and harshness. For six weeks this delicate and noble-minded woman was kept in prison, and such was the anxiety she was in about her husband, that for twenty-five nights she could not sleep at all. She did not know he was safe, for they would not tell her, and every noise she heard caused her to start up, fearing and trembling lest they were bringing him back again.

This suspense, and the agitation she had undergone, joined to her already delicate health, proved too much for her. She fell into a state of dis-

tressing melancholy and depression, from which she does not seem ever to have completely recovered. On her husband's return to France, after six years of exile, she is said not to have known him. It was a sad meeting! Lavallette, however, did all in his power to lessen her affliction, by devoting to her the life which she had saved, and by every possible care and attention that love and gratitude could dictate. For her sake, he lived in the country, where she was able to find amusement in her garden and fields; and though melancholy, she was as she ever had been, good, gentle, and amiable. Her daughter Josephine too, now grown up, and married to a man of worth and talent, lived with her, and contributed to her comfort and happiness; and the grateful love and esteem of a husband and child to whom she had been so devotedly attached, we may hope, tended to alleviate the malady of this courageous and faithful wife.

And every little girl may, like Josephine, by her love and obedience, be a comfort to her good and kind parents.



